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Religious Education of the Young.

HEBREWS xi. 24. 25 : 'By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.'

Our theme is the beneficial effects of an early correct religious education, and the simple declaration of the text lends us a most forcible illustration of our subject. It is acknowledged by all, that early impressions exert a powerful influence over the human character ; and the proverb, if not universally, yet is generally true, that 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined ;' and therefore parental affection cannot be blind to the importance of beginning aright, and permitting correct virtuous principles to grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of their children.

As it becomes us to recal the past and listen to the instructive voice of experience, so also is it a dictate of wisdom to heed the lessons imparted by the records of history ; sacred history has peculiar claims upon our attention, inasmuch as the pen of plain unadorned truth hath made the records, and no fulsome praise, and high wrought descriptions, are interwoven amid the recitals of occurrences and characters.

To attend to the instruction afforded by the history, character, and early conduct of Moses, is to act wisely ; we commune with the past, we treat with reality, and not with fiction, and remember that what has been, may be again, as it regards the formation of character. The author of our text did not stop to indulge in comments on the character of Moses, as he well knew that a simple recital of facts would carry its own commendation ; and the account which he has given us of the earliest free actions of Moses, sets forth in strong colors the happy effects of deep rooted correct principles ; and it will be our province in this discourse to draw some instructive inferences therefrom.

Though familiar, yet it is proper to notice the early history of Moses, and this we will do as brief as possible. By the instrumentality of Joseph the Israelites obtained a settlement in Egypt, where they prospered and multiplied to such a degree, as to excite both the envy and fears of the Egyptians. Pharaoh by cruelty and oppression strove to stop the current of their increase and prosperity ; but finding that his purpose was not fully effected by these measures, he issued a decree by which every male child that was born was ordered to be put instantly to death. At this period of horror Moses was born ; his mother kept him concealed about three months, and despairing of any longer concealment, she placed him in an ark of bulrushes, and laid it among the flags on the brink of the river Nile, commending the precious treasure to the care of Israel's God.

Pharaoh's daughter coming near the spot soon after, saw, and had compassion on the child, and determined, notwithstanding her father's decree, to save and protect the Hebrew infant. Moses' sister stood by, and soon offered to go for a suitable nurse for the child ; she accordingly was deputed to go for one, and gladly sought her mother, introduced her as a stranger to Pharaoh's daughter, who gave her charge over the rescued infant ; consequently Moses was brought up under the immediate protection of the king's daughter by his own mother.

Moses' mother became his religious instructress, as well as his nurse, and infixed in his expanding and youthful mind the principles of virtue and truth ; amid the wildness of a court, she kept her son untainted by Egyptian idolatry, and taught him to know and adore the one living and true God ; and surrounded by licentiousness and vice, by temptations powerful and fascinating, by luxury and splendor, she taught her son to know the worth of virtue above all outer

wealth, and to value a good conscience above all external possessions.

What a beautiful example is here given to mothers, who have it in their power to tinge with sweetness or with bitterness all the streams of their children's lives. And they should be encouraged in their efforts to educate the moral and religious feelings of their children, by the happy effects that attended the labors of the mother of Moses; who 'by faith, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.'

When Moses came to years, or to the age of freedom from the guardian care of others, he made a choice in accordance with his faith in the one God. He remembered his mother's instructions, and the religious principles of the favored children of the Most High were deeply rooted in his heart, and he was influenced by them. Many and strong were the temptations around him to entice him to cling to the follies of idolatry, among which he was educated; the wealth, luxuries and honors of a court were spread out before him, and Josephus tells us that Pharaoh having no son, determined to make Moses heir to his kingdom.

But Moses well knew that it would be bitterness to leave the God of his fathers—that the pleasures of sin are but for a season, bringing to the votary heaviness of heart; and in obedience to his religious principles he chose to be numbered among the suffering children of Israel, rather than deny the faith, and bow to gods of wood and stone. And what resulted from this choice? He became the Jewish lawgiver, the deliverer of his countrymen from Egyptian bondage, the founder of their institutions, and conductor to their promised land.

Such was the conduct of Moses, and may we not indulge rationally a hope that correct religious education may be of like effect in forming strong, energetic, and virtuous characters in children of our day? Moses' choice was undoubtedly the result of his religious education, and what stupendous effects flowed to the world from that choice! Parents know not what is concealed in their children—they know not what station they may occupy in the busy world, when they shall come to years, and it therefore becomes their obvious duty to educate their children in the principles of integrity and virtue,

that they may be morally fitted for their lot. Virtue makes the poor man honorable and happy, and adds dignity and beauty to the king on a throne.

God has entrusted to the parent an important work, and it is not only the duty, but the interest of the parent to heed the apostle's words: 'Let them first learn piety at home, and to requite their parents, for this is good and acceptable before God.' 'Piety at home' is the best kind of piety, and children will not be pious abroad, if they are not pious at home; and therefore for their safety they should be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of those children who are early taught to know, love, and serve their heavenly Father.

But yet many have strange notions respecting the religious education of children, and put forth various objections against thus educating the tender mind. Let us look at some of these objections, and see if they are well founded.

Some parents say: We do not wish to prejudice the minds of our children; we want them to choose for themselves when they shall come to the proper age; they are not capable of understanding religious instructions, and if they were, we are not sure that we could teach them the truth. This is the language of many, but what would be the result if the principles involved therein were to be carried into action in reference to the intellectual education of children? Baneful indeed; and yet we might as well let them grow up in ignorance of science, till they are capable of choosing for themselves, as to permit them to remain ignorant of religious knowledge.

Christianity is a religion adapted to the child, and to the perfect man; its teachings are fitted for every age, and its first principles are so simple that the child can receive them as well as the man. And what are these principles? They are the existence of a God—that to do right will make us happy, and to do wrong will make us unhappy—that God is an unchanging friend, and will make us all at last holy and happy in heaven.

Can we not teach the child to love and respect a relation whom the child has never seen? Can we not by a lovely exhibition of character make them delighted to hear us talk of that unseen relative? Can we not cause them to desire the love of that good and kind connection? Yes; and

we can also teach them to love, venerate, and respectfully speak of the invisible God—to feel that God loves them though they see him not, and gives them many good things, though the hand of bounty cannot be discovered.

There is much beauty in a religious child; and if there is on earth a sight on which the angels of heaven may well delight to gaze, it is when the tender and loving child kneels in the beauty of its innocence, folds its little hands, and prays to the Father of all; pours forth the desires of a heart on which the blight of sin never fell, and implores blessings on its parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. How oft, in the still hour of thought of other days, does manhood feel the soft hand that lay upon his head, when at the calm twilight hour he in childhood's confidence prayed by his mother's side, and uttered with pure lips the hallowed name of our Father who art in heaven.

The mother of Moses did not fear to teach him what she regarded as the truth of God; and who would value a religion that he dare not teach his children, lest he teach them error? Away with such madness. Like the mother of Moses let parents teach what they believe to be correct; do they not do so respecting all other things, and is not the same uncertainty attendant on them? When children come to years they will choose for themselves, but that choice will, in a great degree, be influenced by the principles early instilled in their minds; and as they have been taught, so will they choose between the vain and short lived pleasures of sin, and the enduring and heart cheering satisfaction of virtue.

Children are surrounded now by as baneful idolatry as clung around the path of Moses, and need the same parental caution as he did. If we have faith in God, and in the fitness of his laws, let them be taught the same; if we rejoice in the hopes of religion, let them have the same cause to rejoice; and if we find peace in believing in the impartial love of God, let them also be brought to the same ark of the soul's rest.

'Habits of virtue are of the same nature with dexterity in the mechanical arts. Would we acquire this dexterity, we must exercise ourselves early and constantly, whether in the virtues or the arts; we must learn to esteem and love them, and they will gradually become so easy and so natural, that at length we shall find it difficult to do any thing contrary to the rules of art, or the precepts of virtue. Hence we may

conclude how necessary it is to train up children to virtue with all possible care from their earliest childhood.'

We see our subject aptly illustrated by comparing children to a garden which we would have become beautiful, useful and fruitful. First; whatever is excellent, ornamental, or useful in the garden, is the effect of the gardener's skill, care and industry. He first prepares the ground, seeks and gains good seed, and is careful in planting them that they may take deep root and be productive.

So with the moral garden of the youthful mind. Whatever we hope for we must labor for, and care, industry, and perseverance, are ever needful towards success. And if in their minds be implanted the good seeds of religious truth, carefully tendered, we may reasonably hope to see our garden flourish in beauty, luxuriance, and fruitfulness; even as a garden well cared for produces valuable and pleasant fruits, is lovely to behold, and the heart is delighted with its fragrance.

Again; a garden should be judiciously fenced around, and guarded from undue intrusion, that devastating ruin may not enter, and lay waste all our labors. So should the youthful mind be guarded that vice may not steal in unawares, and lay a rude grasp on the tender plants of virtue; they should be cautioned against the thousand allurements that are in the world, and the dangers that beset their way. The mind of the child is not as many strangely suppose, a dreary waste; the powers are there, like gold in the earth, which only needs labor to bring it forth; or to more aptly illustrate our meaning, the child's mind is like the flower in the bud, and as the bud needs warmth and moisture to cause it to bloom, so the budding mind needs care and nourishment to bring forth the flowers of honor, usefulness and joy.

From the earliest ages children have been regarded as beings possessed of moral feelings, as well as intellectual faculties, and the cultivation of the former is as important as the cultivation of the latter; for all knowledge to be promotive of our good, must be under the influence of the moral feelings. Moses under the inspiration of God, commanded the religious education of children, and he knew they were capable of receiving good from such instructions; said he: 'These words that I command you this day, shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt teach them dili-

gently unto thy children ; and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest down, and when thou risest up, and when thou walkest by the way, and sittest in thy house.'

Yes, we can teach the youth the good things of God even by the way side ; and as we walk amid the beauties of nature, we can teach the child to see the goodness of the Almighty in every plant that springs from the earth, in every flower that blossoms or blooms, in the tree that grants the cool retreat and pleasant shade, and in the running and joyous streams ; and he will be made to *feel* as well as understand the truth that it is his heavenly Father who gave sweetness to the flower, beauty to the earth, splendor to the skies, and the capacities of enjoyment to man, and his little heart will beat in thankfulness while his lips cry, How good God is !

We are far from wishing that children may be taught the gloomy theology of the schools—the mystery of the trinity, and the horrors of endless wo ; but we would have them taught the beauty and honor of a strict adherence to truth, and the baseness and sin of lying and fraud ; learn the wickedness of profanity, of breaking the sabbath, and of disregarding the kind advice of their parents. We would have them taught their duty to themselves, their friends, and their Father in heaven ; and when children begin to *enquire*, they then are capable of being instructed in all we have named ; their enquiries manifest their desire for knowledge, and their capacity for receiving it.

* Children have in general been greatly libeled as having an utter disinclination to learn religious truth. It is not so. The fault has been in the teachers ; they have strove to teach them dark errors for truth, and errors too against the simplest dictates of the unsophisticated heart, and from which even the infant soul recoils. And the manner of teaching has often been such as well might frighten a child not possessed of iron nerves. But talk of the truth to children, and talk cheerfully, and they will delight to listen, and dwell on the kindness of their good Friend above.

We never saw a child that shrank from listening to the story of the Father's and the Savior's love, and that would run away as soon as we mentioned God and the future. They will run from stories of endless wo, eternal wrath, and fiery furnaces, and coming to the first kind friend, look up with tears glistening in either

eye, and tremblingly enquire : ' If God is so good to us here, can he burn us forever in another world ? ' Many times we have heard that question from the lips of innocence, and it has taught us that the natural heart is not so corrupt and depraved as to unhesitatingly receive the miserable teachings of the doctrine of endless wretchedness.

We would that parents would consider the benefits flowing from Sabbath Schools, wherein are taught the truths of the gospel of Jesus, who received children on earth, and will not deny them in heaven. Children at such schools have more emulation to learn, and partake of more pleasure in learning, than at home ; they learn to reverence the sabbath ; and are gradually introduced to the benefits of the preached word. No person who has now arrived to mature years, and who spent the sabbaths of his childhood in part at the Sabbath School, regrets that he did so ; the sweet influences of those well spent hours are felt even now, and pleasant are the emotions that are awakened by memory as we think of the time when to our teacher we recited the expressive hymn, beginning—

' Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee ;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasures and my play
Shall tempt me to forget that day.'

We hope these schools will ever continue to be honored by the friends of truth, and if others have abused the institution, let us learn from their faults to better improve our privileges, and not be so wild as not to wish the light of the sun because there are a few dark spots on its face. But the best school for instruction in the graces of the gospel, will not be successful, unless the parents at home co-operate with the good designs of the conductors of the school ; they should exert themselves to have their children punctual in attendance, correct in their lessons, and be kind in answering questions touching the meaning of what their children learn.

We hope that *Teachers* will feel a growing interest in the prosperity of our schools. It is a noble work in which they are engaged, and the mightiest mind degrades not itself in engaging in the labors of imparting religious truth to the young. Let teachers be faithful, and theirs will be, while memory lasts, the grateful satisfaction that they have aided a good, a holy cause ; that

the hours spent have been passed in the performance of pleasant duties that leave no bitterness behind, and which will be blessed of heaven. May they continue their labors of love, and often

'Around Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat.'

And find their reward in the grateful love and growing intelligence of their charge, conscious that they are instructing them in those truths that tend to make them wise unto salvation from the snares of vice, and cause them to grow up beautiful before God and men.

But schools cannot free parents from the duty of instruction at home. What would Moses probably have been, had not his mother instructed him at home? He was learned in all the arts of the Egyptians; he was instructed by worshippers of idolatry, and was surrounded by the trappings and ceremonies of their superstitions; he was honored, flattered and sought for as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter; and it was the home, the private instructions of his mother that counteracted the influence of all this, and delivered him from the evil world.

With deference then would we invite attention to this example of maternal care and prudent caution; and it is the mother that makes the most enduring impressions on the human mind and heart; and it hath been truly said, and we repeat it with confidence in its correctness, that 'when mothers cease to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught.'

Then let parents feel their responsibility, and plant the seeds of truth and virtue in the rich soil of the infant mind, ere the thorns of error and weeds of vice can enter. Teach your children, O parents, to heed the difference between the outward perishable things of earth, and those we can ever retain; that become a portion of our essential selves, and sleep with us only to waken with us in renovated beauty and exalted glory. Teach them to prize health and strength, above beauty of person and dress; and when they admire the gaudy show of apparel, ask them if the bad man is made good by dress, or the weak strong, or the sick well? Show them an example of some in humble appearance, who are honored solely because of their virtues, and ask them if it were not better to be poor and respected, than to be rich and despised?

Teach them to value the approbation of conscience—God's monitor within, above the praise of men, and caution them never to lose the first

in order to gain the latter. Teach them the exceeding superiority of integrity and benevolence, over hoarded wealth and lauded fame; and cause them to know the value and happiness of a life of activity, and constant acquisition of knowledge, and the unhappiness of the child of indolence and ignorance. Guard them against forming hasty conclusions, for this is the cause of much of the strife and bitterness in society, the root of many wrong judgments, and of the error that vicious men are happier than the virtuous, and often leads to broken friendships, to the desolation of misanthropy, and to the infamy of self-inflicted death.

Above all, teach them of God, of Christ, and of heaven; that God is our eternal friend, Christ is our perfect example, and heaven our everlasting portion. Guard them against the mildew of error that comes as a blight upon the young affections, and saddens their hearts ere they are capable of reflection; let them know that the pleasures of sin end in heaviness of heart, and teach them to prize above all things the sunshine of the heart, which is the smile of God upon virtuous deeds; and may their life be joyous, and their end peaceful.

And as we look abroad and see that

'Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.'

Let us learn and heed the moral of the sight,

'For such is man—a soil which breeds,
The sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.'

Written May 21, 1836.

Friendship and Friends.

WRITTEN FOR ———

Original.

FRIENDSHIP and friends! O! what are they?
The sunshine of our life;
They drive the clouds of care away,
And quell the storms of strife.

When aggravated sorrows lower,
When pains and ills invade,
By their all blest and happy power,
Each trouble is allayed.

O! H—t! gladly do I hail,
The joy to call thee friend!
For thee, beneath another sail,
Fair friendship's barque shall bend.

One word, and O! forget it not,
(Though may'st thou 'scape such ill)—
Whenever friends for thee are not,
O! cherish friendship still!

Westbrook, Me.

D. J. M.

Early Death.

Original.

It was an ancient saying among the heathen, that 'whom the gods love, die young.' The sentiment, with a small variation in the terms, is still extant, and among Christians. This would seem to prove that there is some foundation for the belief. I may appeal to the experience of many for its truth. How often have we seen the hopeful youth—the pride of his mother, and the boast of his father, the beloved of his associates, and the admired of all who knew him—suddenly cut off from among the living, and borne to the voiceless and solitary tomb. How often have we seen the young woman, with sensibilities the most tender, intellect the most promising, and beauty the most attractive, moving, for a moment, amid the circles of the young, like a radiant star brilliant above its fellows; and when we have returned to inquire for her, the place which once smiled at her presence, knows her no more. The companions of her youth mention her name no longer—the churchyard has claimed its own, and she, in all her loveliness and virtue, has lain her head amid the mouldering relics of those who dwelt in past ages. How many parents have mourned the death of their favorite child, and as they have closed the snowy lids of the little innocent over the sightless and rigid orbs which lately beamed with intelligence and affection, pronounced the departed one, the most ripe and promising member of their family. Extraordinary kindness of disposition, sensibility of heart, and uncommon intelligence in a very young person, are often sources of uneasiness to parents and friends, in view that they are the prognostics of an early doom. Whether it is, that the mind is too powerful for its mortal tenement, and that the clay is exhausted by the action of the spirit, or from whatever source it arises, there appears to be some cause for the belief that extraordinary precocity very often militates against a long stay in this state of being. Neither is it always because great indulgence and overweening tenderness hasten the departure of the soul to a more congenial realm. I once knew a lad who early lost his parents. His father died while he was an infant, and his mother bade him her final adieu when he was scarcely ten years of age. He had been inured to poverty and hardship from his infancy. When his mother breathed her last, he wept long and despairingly. But at

the end of the second day, and after his mother's remains had been placed in the earth, he suddenly started up, and said to his step-father,

'What do you intend to do? We have nothing in the house to eat? You must do something.'

The step-father, being sunk in despondency, made very little reply, and the lad then told him, that now his mother was gone, he had nothing to keep him at home, and should immediately go and find some means of getting his own livelihood.

The other looked at the pale cheeked boy, and could not believe that he was in earnest. But the lad was in earnest, and although a mere child, started off, and with a heart torn with anguish at his loss, and without a friend or adviser left in the world, shipped on board the frigate Constellation, and set out upon a three years' cruise. The duty which he was called upon to perform, was light, but the discipline was severe. Yet the little hero never murmured. His nature was tender, and his sensibility was acute, but he knew he had a part to perform in the busy drama of life, and he set about gaining all the knowledge that he could with an alacrity that evinced more determination than is often seen in youths who have lived double his term of years. He regularly attended the school on board, and astonished his teacher by the rapidity with which he learned. Nor did he confine himself to those studies pursued on board the frigate. Of his own accord, he purchased drawing utensils, and before he was twelve years old, could execute a piece of painting that would not have disgraced one of the ordinary teachers of the art. He also wrote a short drama, which some of the officers accidentally got hold of. They sent for him, and asked him if he was the author. His blushes owned the truth, but the praises which they heaped upon his extraordinary performance, did not produce either vanity or pride in the mind of the young artist. Indeed, he did not appear pleased that they had obtained possession of his manuscript, and he strenuously avoided holding intercourse with them, when he could do so without a show of insubordination. He soon became marked out as a surprising young genius, yet no attempt was made to improve his forlorn and humble condition. A child of half the promise, whose parents were wealthy, would have been supplied with every assistant to prosecute his brilliant

career, but 'chill penury' had set his mark upon the sailor boy, and no one cared what difficulties he struggled with, nor what hardships he encountered. Barren admiration was accorded him. People loved to be surprised and entertained, but thought not afterward of him who had contributed to their entertainment.

To what eminence he would have arisen by the force of his own genius, I will not attempt to say; but the thread of his life was cut short ere the great world had an opportunity to judge of his merits. On a dark night he was sent aloft to becket a small sail. He had been gone but a short time when the officer of the deck heard something plunge into the water. He hailed the top, and asked the hands stationed there what had fallen overboard. The captain of the top replied that nothing had gone from that quarter. But the truth was soon discovered. The lad had been precipitated from his elevated position into the sea, and his name was washed out from the scroll of the living forever. The circumstance occasioned some talk on board, for a day or two, until some fresh accident obliterated the remembrance of it from the minds of the crew, and the talented orphan boy was remembered by them but as a being who had flitted, in a dream, across their imaginations.

A far different allotment had Providence bestowed upon one who, in some respects, resembled the portionless and wandering sailor boy. She was the child of rich and influential parents. The frown of adversity had never driven the color from her cheek, and haggard want hurled his dart wide from her father's splendid abode. All that wealth could do toward forming her mind, had been done. Proficients in music, belle lettres, and drawing, had devoted their time and their talents to her instruction. The choicest productions of ancient and modern genius were always at her command, and the allurements of novelty presented themselves on every side, when she traveled with her friends to various parts of her native country. Unlike most young persons who possess such advantages, she did not tire in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the acquirement of elegant accomplishments. She suffered no opportunity to go unimproved, and such was the vigor of her mind, and the correctness of her taste, that there can be no doubt she would have attained to no mean rank in the world of letters, had she been the offspring of poverty and neglect. With wealth

always at her command, she was as meek as the unsophisticated daughter of a villager; and her simplicity of character was only equalled by her extraordinary endowments and personal graces. She seemed not to be sensible of her beauty, and the very beggar at her father's door was met by her with a smile, and a nod of welcome, that would have seemed perfectly in keeping when dispensed to one of her equals. She was but seventeen years of age when the messenger of death struck dismay into the hearts of her doating parents, and announced his arrival by the hectic flush which mocked the bloom of health upon her youthful cheek. She went down to the grave like a diadem on the crest of death—in all her brilliancy she departed. Her heart broken parents were tempted to murmur at this dispensation of Providence, which had deprived them of the principal solace of existence, and rendered their age childless and desolate. She had been the darling of their hearts, and the light of their eyes. For her they would have endured any hardship. To have retained possession of their idol, they would cheerfully have submitted to the deprivation of all their worldly goods. A fisher's hut by the sea-side would have been a palace to them, if their Mary Ann could have been spared but a year longer. The tender ties of parental affection were suddenly snapped asunder, and their hearts died within them.

Short sighted are we, when we repine at the dispensations of heaven. What to us appears crooked is straight in his eyes, who holds the balance of all things in his hand; what to us appears to be cruelty, is a dispensation of mercy. If we do not readily perceive how it may redound to our own good, let us conjecture how it may be beneficial to others. If our love for a fellow creature is sincere, it must be disinterested. If we truly desire the happiness of another, it is not because our own happiness is interested in his welfare. A merchant who has entrusted a valuable cargo with a skilful captain, may sincerely desire that the latter may enjoy good health all the passage, and meet with success at the port whither he is bound. He may hope that the seamen under the command of the captain may also suffer no disaster during the voyage. But after the safe return of the ship, the owner may give himself very little concern about what befalls either the captain or his crew. The interest which he formerly felt in their success was not, therefore, deserving the name of good

will. It was wholly a selfish interest, based in the concern which he felt for the success of the voyage. To illustrate this subject farther. The play going public may feel much interest in a celebrated opera singer. They may sincerely wish her good health while she is among them, and that nothing may happen to injure her health. They would have her guard against taking cold, because that would occasion a hoarseness detrimental to the sweetness of her voice. They are attached to her on account of the pleasure and entertainment which they derive from her—as a man is attached to a guinea, because it will afford him gratification, and stand his friend in the time of need. Now it is very possible that a parent may be attached strongly to a bright and interesting child, in much the same manner. The pride or vanity of the parent may be flattered by the encomiums bestowed on the little favorite. He may derive much pleasure from seeing the success with which the child pursues its researches—more than he would if some other man were its parent. He may also be happy in the possession of so interesting a child, and derive much satisfaction from its caresses, and from caressing it. But if his regard for his favorite is of that genuine kind which can only result from disinterested good will, he will not place his own happiness in competition with that of the child. He will not suffer the child to be deprived of any advantage which may result in its permanent happiness, in order that he may be gratified by its presence. Admitting that the parents of a very promising little girl were very poor, and were unable to provide sufficient food for its wants. Suppose the poor child was obliged to shiver all day over the dying embers on the hearth, and to go to bed supperless and crying for bread. A distant relation, who is blessed with abundance, visits the house, and is much pleased with the prattling innocent. In return, the little girl becomes strongly attached to her wealthy relative. The good woman offers to take the child home with her, and bring her up as her own. The child is anxious to go with her, where she will have enough to eat, and be sheltered from the cold, and where she will receive an education commensurate with her altered prospects in life. But the weak mother flings her arms around the child, and exclaims, 'No, I cannot part from my child. She is dearer to me than all the world beside. She shall not go.' The father also says, that although he is poor in worldly goods and chattels, he considers his child

a treasure in herself—that she is worth a thousand pounds to him. He refuses to part with the only wealth with which Providence has blest him. Now, is it not easy to perceive that these parents love *themselves*, and not their *child*? They set a value upon the child as they would on a piece of merchandize. They cannot endure to part with her, because she is company for them, and because *they* take pleasure in looking upon her, and having her near them. If they were more anxious for the happiness of the little girl than for their own gratification, they would permit her to go. But they retain her in their miserable hovel—they suffer her limbs to become blue and swollen with the cold; and they prefer to listen to her mournful plaints when hunger knaws her vitals, to permitting her to be conveyed out of their sight to a comfortable mansion where every earthly blessing will attend her, and where, when she arrives at the age of discretion, servants will fly cheerfully to execute her wishes. Yet, no doubt, those parents look with great complacency upon their own conduct, and imagine themselves exemplary patterns of parental love and tenderness, because they could not endure to part from their darling. They could more easily suffer her to endure hunger and cold.

Let us apply this comparison to the case of the hopeful daughter who was snatched away by death at the same time that her budding graces and mental perfections had attracted the admiration of all her friends. She was taken from the evil to come. With her keenly sensitive feelings and exquisite taste, this rough world would have been to her a scene of intense suffering. The woes of others, the unkindness of friends, and perhaps an unrequited affection would have fallen upon such a mind as hers with tenfold the weight with which they affect ordinary minds. Why should her parents murmur, if they really loved her, when heaven snatched her from the bitterness which would have followed, if her days had been prolonged in the land?

It is wisely ordained of Providence, that those who are too sensitive, too gentle, and too noble for this dreary world, should be early transplanted to bloom in endless happiness, in a fairer and brighter region. Well may we employ the words of Young on this occasion:

'With eager haste, parental haste, I snatched
Her from the rigid North, and bore her
Nearer to the sun.'

Boston, Mass.

W. C.

A Prayer.

O THOU unseen, but not unfelt !
Thine is all might and power !
Before thy throne of love I've knelt
At calm devotion's hour ;
And I have felt that Thou wert near,
To strengthen and console,
And kindly to the prayer give ear
Breathed from a contrite soul.

O Father ! may this wandering heart
Know more and more of Thee ;
To me that needed grace impart,
To bid temptations flee.
O ! may I ever speak true words,
And angry tones repress ;
And never rudely touch the chords
Within the human breast.

O Father ! grant that round my way
May spring affection's flowers,
Of living bloom, ne'er to decay,—
Plants of immortal bowers !
O ! may I nurse and tender them,
As 'neath thy watchful eye ;
And deem my proudest diadem,
The smile of God, most High !

East Cambridge.

B*.

The Victim of Avarice.

Original.

'SURELY, my dear aunt,' said Eda Williams to an elderly lady that sat by her side, 'you do not mean to insinuate that because Charles has been guilty of *one little vice*, that whoever enters into a matrimonial connection with him, will be in danger of meeting with deception and even unkindness through life ?'

The old lady fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon the glowing countenance of the fair querist, as if to read her very soul, and find how deep the affections were rooted there for what she deemed so unworthy an object. It was not until the question had been repeated, that she replied, 'Eda, beware ! beware of the man who is guilty of *little sins* ; but I do not call *lying*, either active or passive, or in whatever form it chances to present itself, a *little sin*. It generally combines with it other vices, and often leads to the commission of the greatest crimes. In the deception which Charles has in this instance practised, he has not only proved himself to be destitute of every principle of honor and common honesty, but to be actuated by the most unjustifiable avarice. It was avarice that led him to deceive ; and by deceiving he defrauded his neighbor, and withheld from him what he knew to be his just due. If a young man, for a few paltry shillings, will thus burden his conscience

with falsehood, what may we not expect from him when this inward monitor becomes paralyzed by habits existing for years ?'

'But will not a man sometimes be influenced by the woman he loves, to turn from the evil of his ways ?' inquired Eda.

'Undoubtedly there are many husbands who have been reformed by the untiring exertions of an affectionate wife.'

'Then who knows but I may be able to convince Charles of his folly in practising those little sins, and win him back to the path of honor and virtue ?'

'If his love for you is stronger than yours is for him, (which I very much doubt being the case) there might be a possibility of your correcting his faults, but I think, my dear, that you would be much more likely to be influenced by him, and acquire *his* habits, than you would to convert him into an honest man. The man who makes gold his idol, will generally sacrifice love, honor, and not unfrequently humanity itself, upon its shrine. "The love of money is the root of all evil," and where it takes possession in the breast of man,—true, genuine love seldom enters there. It is true he may feel a kind of preference for one more than another, which he may dignify by the name of love, but this preference is always based upon selfish principles. Therefore I advise you to study well the character of the man who offers himself as a candidate for your favor, before you commit yourself so far that it will be difficult to retract.'

Had Eda been less devoted to her lover, she would undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusions from a knowledge of his secret transgressions, as her aunt did ; but her affections were so entirely devoted to him, that she willfully shut her eyes to his imperfections, and notwithstanding all the good advice and affectionate entreaties of her venerable relative, she soon after committed her earthly happiness to his keeping, by becoming his wife.

Years passed away. Charles Winthrop had become wealthy, but not respected. His wife, instead of reclaiming him from the commission of little sins, gradually imbibed his principles, and entered into all his money getting schemes, regardless of the *means*, if the object could only be obtained. They labored hard, however, to keep up the appearance of honor and honesty in the eyes of the world, and in all their acts of overreaching and oppression, were careful not

to commit themselves so far as to become amenable to the law. Thus they passed on for a time in perfect harmony. But incessant toil, and the want of almost every comfort of life, slowly and imperceptibly undermined poor Eda's health, and she was no longer able to perform her accustomed task. Then indeed she began to *feel* that the words of her aunt had proved prophetic! She found from sad experience that where avarice reigns supreme in the heart of man, the common feelings of humanity are totally obliterated. If she wished her husband to purchase any little article for her comfort, he invariably found some plausible excuse for not complying with her request; and when she became alarmed about her health, and wished to consult a physician, he became a sudden convert to the opinion 'that physicians kill more than they cure, and that all apothecary medicines were absolutely poison;' but that roots and herbs, which could be obtained without money and without price, were sovereign remedies for every disease to which the human family are subject. He accordingly turned quack; ransacked every old almanac and newspaper that came in his way, for recipes, and commenced dealing out with a liberal hand the several remedies he thought her case required. Unfortunately he was entirely ignorant of the construction of the human body, and of the nature of the diseases to which it is subject, and instead of applying such medicines as her case required, all he prescribed produced exactly an opposite effect from what he intended, and his wretched wife was hurried to the grave a victim of her husband's avarice.

The death of his wife, and the open murmurs of his neighbors respecting his treatment to her during her sickness, served to open the eyes of the deluded husband; conscience, which had so long slumbered, now awoke with redoubled energy; the dark catalogue of his sins rose up before him in frightful array, and he *felt* that the weight of guilt which had accumulated upon his head, was sufficient to sink him in despair. He strove to atone for past transgressions by acts of kindness to others, and by sharing his ill-gotten wealth with the poor and needy around him. But nothing could obliterate the memory of the past; the image of his suffering wife was constantly before him, and conscience whispered that he had been instrumental in bringing to an untimely grave, the only being who had ever truly and sincerely loved him.

Reader! hast thou ever been guilty of what thou callest *little sins*? Hast thou ever harbored the demon of avarice in thy bosom, and by little frauds transferred to thy own keeping, that which thou knewest belonged to thy neighbor? If thy conscience accuse thee not, happy art thou; but if this inward monitor whispers *Thou art guilty*, remember, I beseech thee, that the eye of One is upon thee, who will not suffer thy transgressions to go unpunished. Though thou workest in secret, and coveredst thyself with the mantle of darkness, yet God will bring thee to judgment, and reward thee according to thy works.

F. A. N.

The Last Farewell.

Original.

WE are often called upon, during our stay in this world, to separate for a season from those we love. An affair of business may call us from home a few days, or some other common-place event may require an absence from the hearth stone around which are gathered our tenderest and most abiding associations. The professions of some classes of men require long or frequent absences from their dearest friends and relatives. As 'custom is second nature,' they part from their connections without much emotion. They have so frequently left home and returned in safety, that it seems to them like a small thing to bid adieu to their domestic circle, and prolong their absence for months at a time. The sailor scarcely thinks it worth his while to take a formal leave of his relatives when he embarks on a long voyage; and there are other professions besides his, in the prosecution of which a separation from those who are near and dear to us, is unavoidable, and to which we so much inure our minds as to care but little about it. This is the case with temporary separations; but far different are our sensations, our thoughts, our regrets, and our reflections when we are summoned to take the last look at all that is dear to us upon earth, to look upon the sun and the heavens for the last time, and to close our heavy eyes in the shadowy slumber of death. To the worldly mind nothing can be more afflicting or more appalling than the idea of giving up all we possess on earth, leaving every thing upon which we have been accustomed to fasten our thoughts and our affections, and to launch forth into the untried and uncertain realms of futurity. The

pronouncing of the last farewell, is more bitter than all the adieus which have preceded it, for we cannot look forward to a future meeting in this state of being. The world to come appears shadowy and indistinct in the distance. We are about to leave the fair creation upon which we have so long gazed, and we have not seen the mansions of which we are about to take possession. But the last farewell must be pronounced. Whether we rejoice or mourn at the change, it must be experienced. It is not strange that at such a time, the distressed and anxious mind should conjure up a thousand phantoms which exist only in a disturbed imagination. Fear supplies the place of reality, and every long cherished dogma of a superstitious education asserts its claims, and hovers in the clouded atmosphere of terror and anguish which surrounds the pillow of the dying man. A good life were well worth leading if it were only for the solace which it affords the parting spirit in the hour of dissolution. The man who has lived without God in the world, whose whole aim has been to enlarge his borders upon earth, whatever may be his notions with regard to a future world, cannot possess that power of faith, and that steady reliance upon the promises of the gospel, which are necessary to a triumphant close of life. It is not in the nature of vice to afford consolation, under circumstances like this, to its misguided votaries. The mind, tossed with doubt and perplexity, loses its power of judging calmly and correctly, of the doctrines which are held up to its consideration, and is ready to lay hold of anything which is offered in the shape of hope and comfort. Thus, many bad men have, at the hour of death, embraced any tenets which have been presented to their view, in the hope that they should experience relief, and final salvation by a belief in them.

But the final farewell is not only painful to the prostrate being who closes his eyes upon all earthly objects. Those who linger around the dying bed of their friend and relative, whom they shall see no more, who watch the changing countenance, and listen to the half-breathed sighs of the sufferer, are doomed to experience their share of the unhappiness attendant on the death of the one they love. Theirs is a more lasting sorrow. After a few brief struggles the departing one passes away, and the place that once knew him knows him no more. But for those who remain there is a heavy task to be

accomplished. They must bear the remains of the lamented relative to the last resting place of mortal man—they must pile the earth upon his cold bosom, and leave him to dwell alone forever in the dark chamber of the grave. Then how desolate is the fireside at which he so lately sat, and the very mansion in which he dwelt, appears forsaken and solitary. One of the family has been struck out of existence. We listen to hear his wonted voice, we pause to catch the sound of his accustomed step in the hall, but the hollow wind moaning through the trees without, mournfully tells us that we shall hear his footsteps no more. The book which he was last reading lies on the table with the leaf turned down; his picture, now invaluable, hangs over the mantel; and every thing that once belonged to him, looks as natural as it ever did. He alone is changed. He is wholly, entirely changed. We followed him to the very brink of the grave. We went with him to the utmost confines of earthly existence, but there we were obliged to stop. He has overstepped the boundary line. He has gone farther than our utmost vision extends. He has crossed the gulf, and is now wiser than all the philosophers who ever astonished the world by their wise speculations respecting the future state of being. And has he breathed a last farewell? Has he, indeed, gone from our sight forever? Shall we no more meet and embrace him, and rejoice together at our re-union? We have seen nothing in death that speaks of re-animation. He was cold and stiff when we bore him hence. Decay had already commenced; and even now the worms have begun their hideous banquet, and very soon every part of him will have mingled with the dust of the earth. Was there anything in the expression of that rigid countenance, and those dim eyes, which told of life renewed? Was not the whole fabric destroyed, and who can soberly believe that it is possible for the frail, worn out and perished being to look upon us again—to give the smile of welcome, and utter the sweet tones of affection? Did we not see him die, and did we not see him shut up in the cold ground? How then can we believe that he will ever live again? These questions may be asked, and with a show of reason, too. We have known nothing of our friend or relative whom we have just consigned to the dust, but through the medium of the senses. The thoughts of his mind have floated on his voice to our ears, and in his eyes,

in the changing color of his cheek, we have read something of what was passing in his mind. We could not see his *mind*, but we could receive some intimation of what was passing in his mind, by looking upon his person, and listening to his voice. Yet there was something deeper and beyond these outward manifestations of thought and feeling. An actor exhibits all the outward marks of passion on the stage. His words also express the utmost rage, and the most implacable hate—but we know that these things are, really, foreign from his mind. Therefore what we saw of our lamented friend, was not the naked mind itself. You may make a figure of wax or any other substance that shall exactly resemble the departed one. It may be fashioned so as to possess the power of motion; it may appear to be really alive. The grasp of its hand may be warm, and it may be fashioned so as to speak in the exact tones of him that is gone. But would it then supply his place? No. We should know that it was a mere machine. Although it possessed every visible organ which the deceased possessed, still the knowledge that it could not *think*, would shut out all respect for it. Still it contains every thing which is taken away from us in the death of our friend. We could see no more of our friend than is presented by this artificial substitute. As we have no proof, therefore, that any part of our friend, excepting such parts as the figure represents, has been taken away from us by death, why will we believe that the principal part, and that part only which rendered him valuable to us, is also destroyed? We could not see his mind while he lived. Do we expect to see it any more plainly when the body has deceased?

I believe the time will arrive when men will learn to regard these things less like children. I believe the time will come when the farewell at the hour of death will contain nothing in it so fearful and so terrible as it at present does; when we shall part from our friends for the grave, as individuals part from each other to go to sleep, with the expectation of meeting again in the morning. And then how triumphant would be death itself! Well did he, who brought life and immortality to light, say: 'My yoke is easy, and my burthen is light.' What more blissful anticipation—what more cheering prospects can be presented to the mind of man than those which grow out of faith in the promises of Jesus Christ, who came not to condemn the

world, but that all men through him might be saved.

Affection.

Original.

BY S. C. EDGARTON.

'Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.'

MRS. HEMANS.

'LADY! fair lady, lift the cup,
The famed elixir drink!
To thy unsullied lip lift up
The bright enchanted brink!
'Twill give thee an undying name—
Oh! drink the inspiring cup of Fame!'

Away! deluder; proffer not
The fiery draught of wo—
It cannot ease a woman's lot
To feel its maddening glow.
Away! its sparkling bubbles tell
Its false, intoxicating spell!

'Lady! a goblet bright I bring—
'Tis wealth's all-potent draught;
Not Arethuse's golden spring
A sweeter strain can waft—
The low, soft tone of flattering throngs—
Their fawning words, and wily songs.'

Bring not to me the gilded wave—
I scorn its chilling power!
Its jeweled chalice is the grave
Of every love-born flower.
I will not drink the miser's cup—
It freezes all love's fountains up!

'Lady! I bring a silver bowl,
Its brim with roses bound;
Deep in the fountains of the soul
Translucent waves I've found;
Taste, lady, of the cup I bring—
"Sweet waters from affection's spring."

Ay, 'tis the soothing draught I crave—
Give *this* to woman's lips;
Let others drink the fiery wave—
She, love's ambrosia sips!
The founts of wealth and fame can bear
No draughts so sweet as she finds *there*!

Illustrations of Scripture Figures.

Original.

VII. MATT. xxii. 9: 'Go ye, therefore, into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.'

THIS seems to be an unnatural circumstance interwoven in the imagery of the parable of the marriage feast. It would appear very strange to hear the giver of a feast bid his servants go into the common highway and bid any one they met to come in, because others had delayed coming. But the circumstance introduced in the parable, was in perfect conformity with the customs of our Savior's time. The hospitality of the East

is proverbial, and when a large entertainment was prepared and guests invited, it was considered as a great indignity to the master of the feast to be deserted by the expected visitors; a large number he expected, and a large number he would have, and therefore the servants are sent out to call in the passing travellers.

Travellers inform us, that an Arab prince of great wealth will often dine in the street before his door, and call all who pass to partake with him; thus they gather sometimes a very large number, and are gratified with the circumstance.

VIII. MATT. xxii. 11--13: 'And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on the wedding garment. And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

If men were called in from the common highway to a wedding, how could it be expected that they would be dressed suitable for a marriage occasion? Was not the conduct of the king entirely unjustifiable? And why was the guest without a wedding garment, *speechless*? These queries are all easily answered by attending to the peculiar marriage customs of the age and country. A learned author says: 'The wedding garment was frequently a white robe; and when the guest was a *stranger*, or unable to provide such a robe, it was usual for the master of the feast to furnish him with one. And if he who gave the entertainment was of very high rank and great opulence, he sometimes provided marriage robes for the whole assembly.' Therefore when a king entered the marriage room, and beheld a man without a proper robe, he regarded it as a gross insult to himself and the occasion; the person had probably been offered a robe, and refused it, and stood among the uniformly clothed company in the dress in which he came from the road. This guest was *speechless*, and well he might be, for he could offer no rational excuse for the gross insult, for such his conduct was looked upon by those peculiar people so tenacious of forms. 'The marriage feast was always attended in the evening, and the foolish acting guest was cast out from the brightness and beauty of the festal hall into the dark and gloomy highway, there in vexation to suffer the consequences of his obstinacy and neglect. How expressive of deep vexation and grief is the expression—' *Weeping and gnashing of teeth.*'

IX. ISAIAH i. 8: 'The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'

In the cultivated fields were seats hung in a tree, or watch towers built, where watchmen were kept to guard the produce by keeping off birds, quadrupeds, and thieves. These were called 'keepers of the fields,' Jer. iv. 17; and many allusions are made to them in the sacred writings. The prophet in likening the daughter of Zion, or Israel, to a cottage in a vineyard, or a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, set forth a picture of desolation; a modern traveller remarks, that all along the side of the river Nile there are immense fields of cucumbers, which have a very peculiar appearance, as they are not divided for many miles together, and now and then is seen a small shed or lodge in the midst of these fields wherein a solitary individual resides to prevent the crop from being plundered or injured by birds and beasts. Nothing can wear the appearance of loneliness and desertion more than these lodges, and well might the prophet make the allusion when speaking of Israel's desolation—'She shall be left as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'

X. PSALM i. 3: 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.'

THIS is one of the numerous passages that have reference to eastern gardens, which were laid out and managed far different from those in our own land. Without moisture we know trees will die, but with us the supplies of rain are sufficient for the growth of the trees, and it is not necessary to have rivers of water run through the field. But in the East it is different; the gardens there must be artificially watered; and so intense is the heat of the sun upon the soil, that nothing but thoroughly drenching the ground will be of any service. To effect the desired object channels connected with a river, canal, or a reservoir supplied by springs, are made in different parts of the garden, having rows of beds on each side, and these beds are made somewhat lower than the banked up channel of water. The method of watering from these small canals is thus; the gardener with his foot or spade opens an outlet on the side of a channel where he wishes to, and the water flows in upon the beds, drenching them to a sufficiency, and is then stopped by the embankment of earth. This custom of watering is thus alluded to in

Deut. xi. 10: 'Thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs.'

XI. MATT. v. 13: 'Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.'

THIS was the language of the Savior to his disciples, and it is evident that by it he warned them against losing the power of the truth by unfaithfulness. Salt, we are told, was largely consumed in the temple sacrifices, and large quantities were usually stored in the temple. Rock salt loses its savor in time, and whenever any was thus spoiled, it was scattered over the pavement around, to make it less slippery in wet weather, and thus was 'trodden under foot of men.' Maundrell in his book of travels in the Holy Land, mentions that in the valley of Salt, near Aleppo, he found the surface, which had been exposed to the sun, rain, and air, had wholly lost its savor; and this is sometimes the case, travelers inform us, though the spoiled salt retains the sparkles and appearance of good salt. The nature and the use of salt is to preserve or correct the taste of that to which it is applied; this it cannot do if its virtue is departed; so with the disciples, they were 'the salt of the earth,' to correct the corruption around them, and this they could not do if they departed from the truth,—they would lose their virtue, and lose the correcting power invested in them. 'If those who should season others, are themselves unsavory, unsound in doctrine, and unholy in life,' their power is departed from them, and they are as useless salt that has perfectly lost its savor. To the disciple of Jesus, Paul the apostle says: 'Let your speech be always with grace, *seasoned with salt*, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.' Col. iv. 6. Or 'Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.' Phil. i. 27.

XII. MATT. xii. 20: 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.'

A REED is in scripture an emblem of weakness; thus a 'staff of reed,' and 'a staff of a bruised reed,' are used to signify an inefficient helper; Ezk. xxix. 6. Isa. xxxvi. 6. 2 Kings xviii. 21. Jesus manifested his great kindness by his attention to the weakest of mortals, and he shew that to him belonged the prophecy, Isa. xlii. 1-3, by the tenderness with which he treated the mourn-

er, the sorrow stricken spirit convinced of his vileness; he indeed came not to add sorrow, but to comfort; not to condemn, but to save; and thus the bruised reed did he not break. Commentators inform us that the phrase 'smoking flax' alludes to the wick of a lamp, when the light has almost expired, and it emits nothing but smoke, but the light of which can be revived by the adding of little oil in the lamp. 'The bruised reed,' says Dr. Clarke, 'may recover itself, if permitted to vegetate under the gentle influences of heaven, and the life and light of the expiring lamp may be supported by the addition of fresh oil. Jesus therefore quenches not faint desires after salvation, even in the worst and most undeserving of men; for even such desires may lead to the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.' This same commentator thus writes on the phrase—*till he send forth judgment unto victory*—'By judgment understand the gospel, and by victory its complete triumph over Jewish opposition and Gentile impiety. He will continue by these mild and gentle means to work till the whole world is christianized, and the universe filled with his glory.'

XIII. JOHN x. 3: 'The sheep hear his [the shepherd's] voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.'

THIS is beautifully illustrated by a passage from the journal of the Rev. J. Hartley, who traveled as a missionary in Greece. He says: 'Having had my attention directed last night to the words, "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name," &c, I asked my man if it was usual in Greece to give names to sheep? he informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names. This morning I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. He called one of his sheep, and it instantly left its pasturage and companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience that I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of sheep in eastern countries that 'a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.' The faithful disciple of Jesus will listen to the voice of his shepherd and obey it; not following stranger voices, that will lead him into the strange pas-

tures of unrighteousness, and by the turbulent waters of transgression.

XIV. JOHN i. 18: 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'

THE phrase 'in the bosom of the Father,' has allusion to the eastern custom of reclining on the side, at meals; 'the person who was next the other, was said to *lie in his bosom*; and he who had this place in reference to the master of the feast, was supposed to share his peculiar regards, and to be in a state of the utmost favor and intimacy with him.' Thus it is said of the apostle John, that he lay upon the bosom of Jesus at the last supper, John xiii. 25; and he is particularly distinguished as the disciple whom Jesus loved. As Jesus is said to be '*in the bosom of the Father*,' the expression denotes the favor and intimacy he enjoys with the Father; so in the phrase, '*in Abraham's bosom*,' Luke xvi. 22. 23. favor and intimacy are denoted—they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham, Gal. 3. 9. Nowhere in the scriptures is the phrase *Abraham's bosom*, used to denote the future state of immortal happiness, and therefore that state is not alluded in the parable of the rich man and the beggar. The custom alluded to explains its meaning.

B*.

East Cambridge.

The Dying Lamp.

Poor dying lamp! thou now art low and pale;
Thine oil of life is out, thy purpose o'er:
And thou art fainting, utterly to fail;
In a few moments thou must be no more!

The morning star has risen, and the dawn
Hastens to chase the scatt'ring shades away—
They and thy feeble flame will soon be gone,
And both forgotten in the open day.

Well—thou hast done a kindly work to-night,
And freely worn thyself away, to shed
Through the dark, silent chamber thy soft light,
And shown the watcher to the sick one's bed.

A mild, bright minister of good to man,
Wasting thyself for others, thou hast been,
Since with the evening thy short life began,
Till o'er the world the light of heaven pours in.

But, now thou art not needed thus, to cast
Thy beams around to cheer the wakeful eye—
Since darkness with its solemn reign is past,
Before the morning, calmly dost thou die.

And so, may she, who marked thy steady ray
Through the hushed night, and then, thy quick decline,
Yield, while she treads life's short and shadowy way,
Some cheering light with purpose pure as thine!

But when her work is finished—when her worth
To others in their dark, sad hours shall cease,
Not to survive it, may she pass from earth,
And, like the dying lamp, go out in peace!

H. F. G.

Newburyport, Mass.

Scene at Sea.

Original.

THE day had been cloudy. The sun had scarcely looked out through the misty shroud in which the whole heavens were enveloped. The fishermen, who had put off in the morning, paddled their small skiffs in nearer to the shore, as the day advanced, and the weather-wise among them early left the sea, and hauled up their boats on the strand, where they busied themselves in mending their nets. As yet the compass was not known, and the art of navigation had made but little progress. No ship of war then moved like a peopled island through the waters of the Mediterranean, and sent from her dark sides the quick sheet of flame and thundering roar accompanying it. The largest vessels were small when compared with the ordinary river packets of the present day, and their grotesque embellishments were oftentimes more calculated to excite ridicule than admiration. A barque of this description had been seen in the offing a considerable time, apparently endeavoring to reach some port in the Great Sea, as the Mediterranean was then called, but driven back on account of the contrary winds. One fisher's boat that had passed near enough to speak the ship, and had returned to the land, brought information to the listening throng of peasants and fishermen that the ship was filled with passengers, and contained several hundred persons, among whom were soldiers having in charge several prisoners from Jerusalem; and among the rest a violent and seditious fellow who did not fear God, but who had joined himself with sorcerers and others, and was seeking the destruction of all his fellow subjects. Some of the listeners shook their uncombed heads, and their brows darkened as they said, 'Why is he not thrown into the sea? Can the ship have luck while he is in her? To what may we impute the lowering sky, and the threatened tempest but to the presence of that wicked man?' The half clad and tawny mothers pressed their babes more closely to their bosoms, and the old men shrugged their shoulders as they peered forth through the misty air to catch a glimpse of the fated vessel. Her white sail was

lessening in the distance, and as the evening advanced, the expected storm arose. The white surges lashed the shore, and roared among the rocky caverns of the coast. The wind shrieked and howled around the huts of the natives, and they whispered to each other that the ship-demon was at his diabolical work.

After a long and dreary night the dawn appeared, but the sun was hidden by the heavy black clouds that lay piled in the horizon, or were driven by the fury of the winds across the murky heavens. Farther down the coast, the inhabitants beheld the ship driven before the blast, and tossed upon the breaking waves, which appeared to increase in size and violence. From one island in particular the observers could perceive the distress which the vessel was in. There appeared to be a great commotion on board. They could see men running to and fro, in great haste, and apparently undecided how to act. In one moment the tempest-tossed bark reared its carved prow in the air, and her stern was deluged by a crested wave. In the next the fore part of the vessel ploughed deep into a huge billow, and as it rose again, it could be perceived that the sailors were engaged in throwing the cargo and the tackling into the sea, in order to lighten the laboring vessel. At that moment a volume of blinding spray completely buried the ship from sight, and the persons on the shore imagined that she had gone down from their sight forever. Anon she rises again to view, more buoyant than ever, as if snatched by a miracle from the jaws of destruction. Before the approach of another night, the vessel was out of sight. She had gone bounding over the waves before the tempest, like a fiery war-horse rushing on to his death. Let us follow her in her course. Fearful of falling upon the rocks or the quicksands, the commander of the vessel had got her off from the land as far as possible, and when night came on, he gave up all hope of seeing another morning. The vessel drifted before the wind and waves far out into the open sea, and all attempts at managing her had ceased. But the wind partially died away during the night, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the sun would show his welcome face in the morning, and that the gale would be lulled to sleep. But with the morning, came a renewal of the storm. Half blinded by the rain and flying spray, the seamen now began to despair. Day succeeded day, and the horrors of each

night were renewed in that which succeeded it. The pale and anxious captain stood near the helm, with his red eyes turned toward the dark heavens. The sailors were trembling in the sides of the ship, and shuddering with horror as each successive wave deluged their struggling bark. The soldiers, unused to scenes of this nature, reeled about the vessel, and grasped, with desperation, every thing that came in their way, in order to retain their foothold; while their captain assumed a haughty air, and endeavored to speak in a firm voice strangely contrasted with his pallid lips and quivering limbs. Drawing his sword, which the salt water had deprived of its brightness, he swore that he would run the first soldier through the body who cried out again with terror—at the same time that his own voice told that he was not altogether free from apprehension himself. But the commander of the ship stood aloof alike from the soldiers and their blustering captain, and his eye fell as if accidentally upon a group of men sitting together near the place where he stood. These men were chained, and it was evidently for the purpose of guarding these that the soldiers had taken passage in the ill-fated ship. The soldiers themselves did not appear insensible to the fact that but for these prisoners, they might have been safe on shore, enjoying the comforts of life. Accordingly when one of the prisoners suddenly rose up, and stretched forth his hand as if he would address his fellow voyagers, the soldiers looked upon him with a sullen frown. But the sailors drew nigh to listen to him, and the commander of the ship paid the utmost attention to his words. There was nothing particularly imposing, however, in his appearance, if we except a serene gravity of countenance that contrasted deeply with the terror exhibited on the visages of all his fellow sufferers. He was small in stature, and by no means comely. His voice was harsh, and not very powerful. He said to the listening crew that they did wrong in coming out of harbor contrary to his advice, and that the ship would be totally lost, but that the angel of God had assured him, on that very night, that not only his own life, but the lives of all who were with him should be saved. The captain of the ship, who had closely observed the bearing of this prisoner, from the first moment that he came on board his ship, felt comforted by his words. Some of the sailors, however, murmured among themselves that a landsman like him

could hardly be supposed to know much about nautical affairs, and they did not care to be instructed in their duty by one wholly unused to the element on which he was embarked. The soldiers looked on his words with contempt, and cared little for the information given them by a poor prisoner whom they were appointed to guard. But after they had been tossed on the waves about two weeks, and the ship was reduced nearly to a wreck, they perceived that they were approaching the land. As it was night, they sounded, and discovered that their conjecture was correct. They, therefore, cast forth their anchors, and lay until daylight. When day arrived, they discovered that they had approached within a short distance of land, but they knew not the name of the country. They weighed anchor, and made sail for the purpose of running in to the shore. They soon found themselves in an eddy, and the ship's prow struck the shore, and buried itself so deeply in the sands, that the vessel remained stationary. The soldiers now proposed to kill the prisoners, lest they should escape, and one of them grasped the individual mentioned above by the throat, and was about to bury his dagger in his heart; but their captain felled him to the deck with a blow of his sword, and gave orders that not one of them should be hurt. He commanded those of his soldiers who could swim, to leap overboard, and make for the shore. In the mean time the stern of the ship was broken in by the heavy surf that rolled in upon the strand, which afforded all the individuals on board an opportunity to supply themselves with plank and boards, on which to gain the shore.

Upon reaching the shore, they found a group of savage looking men, who kindled a fire to enable the shipwrecked strangers to dry their garments, and treated them in the most hospitable manner.

The prisoner spoken of above, whom the captain of the soldiers addressed by the name of Paul, was assisting in kindling the fire, when a poisonous serpent crawled up his sleeve and clung to his arm. The superstitious natives at once supposed him to be a murderer, and perceiving that he was a prisoner, their belief in his guilt was strengthened. Although he had escaped the perils of the deep, they believed that now the judgment of God was about to fall upon him. But he shook off the reptile unharmed, and then these untaught heathen imagined him to be a

god! He was not a god, reader, but he was a great apostle, who though persecuted and beaten, ridiculed and despised, was one of the founders of a religion which has survived more than 1800 years, and which promises to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. He was no less a person than Paul the apostle of the Gentiles.

A Letter.

WE copy the following ingenious letter from the 'Lady's Book,' edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale, placing it in our pages as an admirable specimen of the pleasing and interesting manner of imparting moral teachings. Were this style more cultivated, great good might be done in arresting the attention of many to important truths, who otherwise would heed them not. Ed.

Troy Female Seminary, Dec. 10, 1829.

DEAR COUSIN: Herewith you will receive a present of a pair of woolen stockings, knit by my own hands, and be assured, dear Coz, that my friendship for you is warm as the material, active as the finger-work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider this present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage. You will remark in the first place, that here are two individuals united in one pair, who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed, and so, alas, is the thread of life. In these, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence, that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent, where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind in regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences; as saith the poet:

The iron dogs, the peel and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs,
The fire, wood, ashes and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke.

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of these stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are *seamed*, and by means of *seeming* are drawn into a snarl; but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end and final toe-

ing off. By this, I wish you to take occasion to congratulate yourself, that you are now through with seeming, and have come to plain reality.

Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see ; so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined ; and so may it be with your lives—no stitch dropped when duties are to be performed—no widenings made where bad principles are to be reproved, or economy is to be preserved : neither *seeming* nor *narrowing* where truth and generosity are in question ; thus every stitch of life made right, and set in the right place, none either too large or too small, too tight or too loose, thus may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until having together passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life : and here in the final narrowing off, and dropping the coil of this emblematical pair of warm companions, of comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light ; and may you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed, go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven.

Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception,

I remain in true blue friendship *seemly* yet without *seeming*, your's from top to toe.

EMMA WILLARD.

To J. D. Willard, Esq..

On doing Good.

Original.

WE sometimes err by going into abstruse and general speculations. If man would bring every case, which may concern others home to himself, and confine it to one single point, he would more frequently judge aright, than when he endeavors to build up systems, and form general rules. Some of the general rules which man lays down in the pride of his intellect, are so general that they will apply to no particular case in common life. We are led to make these remarks by witnessing an occurrence which lately took place at a friend's house. While we were

drinking tea, a little girl, five years of age, exclaimed that there was a poor fly in the cream pitcher, and she immediately took it out with her spoon, and rejoiced to see it spread its wings and fly away in safety and in triumph. A gentleman who sat at table with us, and who is much given to speculation, said to the little girl with a smile, that he was glad to see that she possessed so much good nature, but that, after all, he did not know whether she had done any real benefit or not. 'It is true,' said he, 'you have saved the life of that fly. You have preserved him from a few short struggles before he should meet with a *milky* grave. But when we consider that this world is one scene of devastation and death, that the fishes of the ocean, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field devour one another continually, and that, with every breath we draw, we inhale thousands of animalculæ who are thus destroyed by myriads, it seems but of little use to preserve the life of one fly. The work of ruin is going on everywhere. Sky, earth, and sea, are full of destruction, and what if we can save the life of one poor fly ? What if we could save the life of one of the animalculæ whom we destroy by millions every hour of our lives, would it not be a useless waste of time and thought ? All the good that we can do in this way, appears to me to be utterly thrown away. We might as well settle down and rest contented with the order of things, which Providence has decreed shall exist. What little we can do to prevent suffering is but as dust in the balance, and is not worthy of consideration.'

The gentleman concluded his remarks, and had kept his eye, during the latter part of his observations, on the mistress of the house. I looked in that direction, and saw that he had handed his cup to be replenished, and was now waiting for her to put in the milk and return it to him. For some reason she had not supplied his cup with the latter ingredient. He had observed her neglect, and had delayed reaching for his cup, because he supposed she would soon recollect herself and put in the cream. As she did not do it, he bowed and smiled, and mentioned to her that he took cream with his tea. She smiled in return, and begged him to try one cup without cream. He said that he certainly had no objection to do so, if it would be an accommodation to her—but, if not, he should prefer the *whitening*.

'It appears,' said she, tipping up the pitcher,

'that you think it *worth while* for me to put in the milk, and I therefore do it, because it will add to your satisfaction, and prevent giving you a slight degree of pain. I do not know that my doing so will have any great effect upon the general laws of nature of which you have discoursed so eloquently—but you feel that it would be desirable to have your tea fixed to your mind. Where *you* are concerned, *you* feel that a very trifling degree of unpleasantness is worth avoiding. Now I have no doubt that the poor fly, which Fanny just took out of the pitcher, also, thought it was worth while that he should be rescued from suffering and death. Whatever may be our views of the amount of suffering in this world, every one, when personally concerned, feels the benefit of being relieved from it, in any the smallest degree.

The Broken Merchant.

Original.

WILL the reader go a journey with me? I shall take him a considerable distance, but will not detain him long. Let me transport his mind—the mysterious and immortal principle which outstrips the beam of light in its course—to an uncomfortable tavern near the middle of the state of Ohio. If he does not like the quarters to which I have conveyed him, let him recollect that it is not in the palace or the splendid country seat where the human character is best studied, or the native energies and kindling emotions of the heart the most fully displayed. It is in change and vicissitude that the grand characteristics of human nature are brought out to the view. Even the purchaser of a common beaver turns it over and over before he decides upon its quality; and shall the human heart, the most mysterious of all created things, be read while it reposes on the lap of ease, and remains unjostled by any contingency calculated to awaken its dormant powers? He that expects a writer to interest his feelings deeply, and would still have him follow the beaten track of ordinary life—as it is erroneously called—is as unreasonable and exacting as the merciless Egyptians, who required their laborious and ill paid bondmen to make brick without straw!

I must, therefore, convey the reader to a wretched inn in the interior. The building was not old, and was devoid of that air of comfort which even a very old and partially dilapidated

house presents. It had evidently been erected in a hasty manner, and the logs of which it was principally composed, appeared ready to bud forth with the rest of the surrounding trees, even as a domesticated horse evinces a disposition to throw his rider, and bound away in his ancient freedom when surrounded by those of his species who still remain in a wild state, upon the prairie.

At a short distance from the inn stood a village, which had been principally hewn from the surrounding forest, the humble spire of which was visible from the door of the public house, while it is to be feared that most of the frequenters of the tavern seldom saw that part of the building to which the spire was appended.

The day was far spent when an old vehicle covered with dust drew nigh to this unprepossessing house of accommodation. The loungers who were yawning in the bar room, ran out to satisfy their curiosity, while an elderly woman thrust her bronzed countenance out at the window and informed her good man, who was, at the time presiding over the destinies of the games in the garden, that travellers approached. As soon as the carriage came up, it was discovered to contain three persons, an elderly man and two young women. The former was not above the middle height, but rather bulky. There was a strange contrast between his protuberant chest and care worn countenance. It was evident that he had been a high liver, but there was none of that humor and animation sparkling in his countenance, which wine and high seasoned dishes are said to confer upon the animal spirits. His dress was rich, and his bearing was that of one of the higher classes of society, yet there was a certain humility in his manner, and a depression of countenance which seemed to forbid the boisterous respect which the landlord and his wife were disposed to pay him. The two girls were not so much distinguished from each other by their dress, as by their general bearing. The younger of the two, who could not have seen more than eighteen summers, was neither tall nor diminutive. Her form was symmetrical, and her features of the higher cast of beauty. Sweetness and intelligence were expressed in her countenance. Her eyes were dark, but somewhat dimmed with sorrow. Yet it was easy to perceive, that whatever might be the cause of her affliction, she struggled to appear cheerful and indifferent to every inconvenience to which she was subjected. As she

alighted from the carriage, she turned to the gentleman who accompanied her, and brushing aside the brown ringlets which her descent had thrown over her eyes, said with a pensive smile, 'We have got home at last, father. Our tiresome journey is at an end.' This congratulating speech did not appear to have the desired effect upon the old gentleman, who, instead of felicitating himself with the prospect of repose after his journey, cast his heavy eyes up at the building before him, and curled his lip with an expression not at all flattering to the premises which his daughter had honored with the appellation of *home*. The other girl, whom I have not described, evinced still more repugnance at entering the rude habitation, and tossed her head so frequently as she passed the opening crowd of spectators, that some one among them had the rudeness to mutter aloud in language highly condemnatory of her pride. She was a little taller than her female companion, and lacked much of the elegance which distinguished her. One would not have supposed her sensible that any such disparity existed, as her haughty air might have led a superficial person to suppose that she was the mistress instead of the maid of the complacent and unassuming being at her side. As soon as the landlord had shown the strangers to a room, one of the company outside exclaimed: 'I've got it. I'll be split into walnut rails if that isn't the new school mistress that has been talked on so long.'

'Which of them?' inquired another.

'Why the one with the big bonnet and flashy ribbon,' cried the first spokesman. 'Did not you see how she looked down upon us, as if we were a passle of schollars? I knowed she had been use to governing, by the toss of her head.'

The timely arrival of the landlord prevented farther dispute, and to the inquiries of the disputants he answered—

'The gentleman's name is Mr. Saunderson, and his darter he calls Annette. He is a broken marchent who was very rich in Philadelphia, but he fell through and lost everything. So his darter has come on here to keep school, and her father has come with her.'

'But you haven't told us which is the maid and which is the mistress.'

'The maid is the one with the big bonnet, and the lady is the one that looks down so soft, and smiles when you speak to her.'

This question being now settled to the satis-

faction of the parties and the reader, we will intrude upon the privacy of the unfortunate subjects of this narrative.

The withdrawing room to which the merchant and his daughter had retired, was the poorest room in the house. The former had seated himself on a chair without any back, and Annette sat near his feet upon a low stool. The maid was gossiping with the landlord's daughter in the garden.

'Say not so, my poor father,' said Annette, raising her tearful eyes, and continuing a conversation which had been carried on for several minutes—'for the wilderness is preferable to the crowded city, and the company of those sharpers who have swindled you out of all—all but a clear conscience. Did you not see how beautiful the groves looked, as we came along? That pretty cottage that stood in the midst of a sea of roses—that lawn that spread out as far as the eye could reach. I thought you looked delighted when your eye fell upon the'—

'Delighted, Annette? Delighted!' murmured he; 'what delight is left to me in this world? Am I not disgraced? Banished from my native city where my forefathers have resided since the days of Penn? Is it possible that your high spirit, born as it is of the aristocracy of Pennsylvania, can now stoop and grovel and embrace the rude fare, the rude manners, and ruder morals of these outcasts among whom our lot is fallen! Even as I entered this miserable den of fried pork and onion smoke, I heard a gibe thrown at your father from one of these'—

'Nay, nay, father. I was afraid you would think so,' hastily interrupted Annette—'what you heard was a remark made upon Nancy's bright ribbon which she wears in her bonnet. It was too gross to be repeated, but'—

'Yes, to leave your pleasant and decorated apartments,' continued her father, more calmly, but warming as he proceeded—to bid a last farewell to your refined and fashionable friends'—

'No, no dear father, I want no friend but you,' cried she, flinging her arms around his neck, and wetting his cheek with the bursting tears which she could no longer restrain. 'Will not I be everything to you, and will not you be everything that I shall desire? I know, I feel that we have lost much—very much. I do not embrace the habits or the customs of these people. We will be alone—we will enjoy our own conversation, and no one shall come between us!'

The old merchant shook a large drop from his eyelids, and said tenderly, 'I know, Annette, that you have been a good girl to me and to your poor mother, whose grave we have left in a distant part of the country. I do not chide you, but I never can be happy here. I feel that I shall sink under the shock which I have received. Besides, you are young. Your spirits will recover from this reverse. You are beautiful, and it will not be long before some bold hunter of this heathen wild will whisper soft things in your ear, and I shall be left alone. Other attachments, other duties, will call you from the side of your troublesome old father, and perhaps a stranger will close his eyes at last.'

'Hear me, father!' cried she, springing to her feet, while her full dark orbs blazed with a brilliance that spoke the fervor of her high wrought feelings; 'I here give you my word, and may Heaven only bless me as I keep it, that let whatever contingency befall either you or me, I will never become the bride of any human being, but by your voluntary consent. I will never leave you or forsake you, but to go to the grave.'

'I require no such promise, my daughter,' said he, although he was evidently gratified by this proof of her affection. 'I require nothing of the kind—but what do you ask in return for this self-devotion—this sacrifice'—

'No, I deny it. It is not a sacrifice, but my dearest, sweetest pleasure to cherish you, to toil for you, to pray for you—to do everything which can in any manner tend to your happiness.'

The merchant looked with affection not unmingled with wonder at his daughter, who, now radiant with the godlike triumph of one who has succeeded in divesting a fellow creature of a portion of his anxiety, stood opposite to him with her hand slightly pressed against her heaving bosom—her red lips slightly apart, and her whole countenance suffused with a glow of delight. Never had she appeared so beautiful in his eyes; but he was yet surprised and almost bewildered by her disinterested and voluntary vow of celibacy. Alas! he little knew of what a pure and virgin heart is capable. He had been a man of the world, and knew better how to take care of his own interest, than to yield up any of his rights for the interest of another. But at this interesting moment, the door opened, and a young man entered the room, whose personal

appearance was far more imposing than that of any other individual whom Mr. Saunderson or his daughter had seen since the commencement of their journey. He started back as his eyes fell upon Miss Saunderson, and was, for a moment, struck dumb at the sight of so much beauty, heightened as it had been by the circumstances which had preceded his entrance. He took off his fur cap, and approaching the merchant said, 'Mr. and Miss Saunderson, I conclude?'

'My name is Saunderson, sir,' was the formal reply of the merchant.

'My name is Graham,' continued the young man. 'I heard of your arrival, and have hastened to pay my respect, and invite your acceptance of my father's house as a home for you—for a great while, I hope,' and he bowed to Annette in a graceful and respectful manner.

'I am much obliged to your father, sir, for his kindness,' said the merchant, 'for,' said he with a blush, 'you perceive our quarters are none of the best at present. I suppose the old gentleman remembers me.'

'Perfectly, sir. He was clerk to your father in Philadelphia, at the time you were at the university. He often mentions your name with great satisfaction, sir, and I have sometimes found an apology for some of my own foibles, in the Don Quixote scrapes which he relates of himself and you.'

The old merchant's eye brightened, and for a moment the remembrance of his youth brought with it some of the sparkling humor of that period. He said with a gleesome smile—'May I hope, however, that you are not so great a rogue as your father was?' 'I should hope not, sir,' answered the youth; 'although they say that roguery is hereditary, and if I mistake not there is in the bright eyes of your incomparable daughter here a little mixture of the rogue with the angel.'

Annette blushed, for she perceived that he had read something of her feelings. She was inwardly exulting at the success of the young stranger, who had been evidently aiming to divert the mind of her father from the gloomy monotony of his thoughts. She thanked him in her heart, and her eyes were too faithful telegraphs to her mind to permit her feelings the privacy which they desired.

Mr. Saunderson was pleased with young Graham; for the careless boldness of his remarks, and the freshness of his ideas on all subjects,

were well calculated to arouse him from the lethargy of grief.

Annette was surprised to find a person of his stamp in that part of the world ; but the fact of his separation from the circles of fashionable life had given an originality to his mind admirably calculated to awaken the admiration of such a child of nature as the merchant's daughter. Although herself bred amid the votaries of fashion, she had never become such a proficient in the science of worldliness as to prefer an ape to a man. Young Graham appeared in her eyes exactly what many young men are trying to be. His manners were elegant, but so easy and natural, that it was evident he had never learned them. Every thing he said and did appeared to proceed from the heart—and that is the grand fountain of true politeness.

On their way to the village, Graham was attentive to Annette. It was a short walk, but long enough for her to perceive that he was very well informed, and possessed of a high order of intellect. He told her that he admired her and loved her—loved her deeply. He had seen the letter which she wrote to his sister, and he had also perceived that she had undertaken to support her desponding father by school-keeping. Always keenly alive to everything of a generous, devoted, and affectionate nature, he had admired Annette before he saw her. But when he found unrivalled beauty joined to so excellent a heart, he was conquered. He did love Annette in the most fervent manner ; and the truth may as well be told, before they had reached his father's house, she longed to tell him that he seemed more like a brother to her than a stranger ; but she thought it would be unmaidenly, and so contented herself with breathing a most unsisterly sigh.

They entered a little parlor at the house of the elder Mr. Graham. Neatness predominated ; and the cheerful wood fire appeared to Annette as far preferable to the coal which she had been accustomed to see in her father's grate. The old men saluted each other like two oak trees withered together by the grape vines of youthful recollections, while the eyes of Annette, like the squirrel that leaps from the branches of one tree to those of another, wandered joyfully from her father's countenance to that of Mr. Graham, as she perceived that the former was fast recovering his wonted spirits. She had also been flat-

tered by the love of a noble youth, whom she felt it were no crime to love in return, and who would certainly be acceptable to her father as a son-in-law ; but I will not say that her anticipations went *quite* so far. 'How strangely happy I feel !' said the innocent maiden to herself. But at that moment, a sound was heard as of the rushing wind, and the crackling of flames was followed by a dense volume of smoke that rushed into the room. The little circle started on their feet, while, peering through the gloom that now filled every part of the room, were ugly and disfigured countenances—eyes that glared demon-like upon the startled inmates of the mansion, and glittering steel that waved threateningly amid the eddying curls of smoke. The voice of young Graham first broke the appalling silence, as he exclaimed 'The savages are upon us !' and rushed with the first weapon of defence that he could lay hold of, into the midst of the enemy. One general yell announced that the house was completely surrounded by the painted warriors of the West.

'God have mercy upon us !' exclaimed Mr. Saunderson, 'I murmured at my change of prospects, but what would I now give to be placed in safety upon a rock in the midst of the ocean ! My daughter,' cried he, as she threw herself into his arms, 'all is lost ! You—oh ! but for you even death might be endured.' In the mean time the clash of weapons was drawing nearer and nearer, and at length, Mr. Graham and his son, both of whom had engaged the assailants, were stricken lifeless at the feet of the merchant and his daughter. In another instant, Annette felt the grasp of her father relax. He fell to the floor. His head had been cloven by a blow from an Indian tomahawk. The devoted girl no longer sought to shun the murderous steel of the foe. She raised her eyes to a large painted Indian who hung over her, not in supplication for life, but impatient for the blow that should send her where her father had gone. But he delayed to strike. 'The white blossom shall be the wife of Swiftfoot,' said he. 'Rise and come with a great chief !'

She immediately swooned away. When she came to herself, she was in the midst of a dark forest. A low fire encircled her, and on every side were the sleeping butchers of her father. At the waist of the chief who had claimed her as his, hung a number of scalps, among which she

recognized the gray locks of her departed parent. Her brain reeled, and she sank senseless to the ground.

When she next revived, so as to retain a full consciousness of her situation, the sun had begun to brighten the eastern clouds, and the Indians were preparing to continue their journey. Annette was hurried forward with them, until they reached a lake. This they crossed in a canoe, and once more plunged into the forest. They soon arrived at a clearing, where they made preparations for a protracted stay. Annette was accommodated with a tent and a bear skin, and for awhile left to her own reflections, if she could be said to reflect at all while her mind was almost paralyzed by the late events to which she had been a witness. At about mid-day, she was visited by an aged squaw who extolled the virtues of her capturer, and told how many scalps he had brought home, since he first followed the trade of blood. Annette looked at her with a listless stare, which convinced the barbarous woman that her subject was not in a fit condition to listen to her details. Then the captive maiden was again left alone. Toward night her mental faculties resumed something of their wonted power; and then the horrors of her situation were fully realized. Yet for them she cared little in comparison with her grief at the melancholy bereavement which she had experienced. Now, her mind also reverted to young Graham—that bright being who had crossed her path like a meteor to be extinguished in the gloom of night as suddenly.

‘Yes,’ said she aloud; ‘the young, the noble, the lovely Graham’—

‘Annette! dear Annette!’ cried a voice near her. She looked up, and the lamented youth stood before her; his eyes beaming with love and admiration, gratified pride, and respectful boldness.

‘You here!’ cried she, throwing herself into his arms. ‘Oh! I am so glad’—she paused—she looked down. It was not a bear skin she stood on, but a christian carpet. The wood fire burned brightly in the fire-place—and her father and the elder Graham sat composedly on one side of her.

‘What means—who is this—where am I? I have been dreaming—I have been dreaming!’ cried she, throwing herself into a chair, and hiding her blushing face in her hands. But the

mantle of shame had overspread her neck, and that her hands were not large enough to hide. The gratified Graham gazed with rapture at this proof of the sincerity of her slumbering words. The truth was out. She had betrayed the love which Graham had already kindled in her bosom, and it was exposed, not only to her lover, but also to their parents.

The truth is, that Annette had seated herself in the comfortable easy chair which the politeness of young Graham had appointed for her use; and overcome by the fatigues of the day, and jaded by the various events which had wrought upon her feelings, she had no sooner pronounced the words to herself, ‘how strangely happy I feel,’ than a gentle slumber stole over her senses. Her dream might have been of a pleasant kind, had not the fire fallen down with considerable noise, which partially aroused her from her sleep, and she saw the youth seize the tongs hastily to put up the fallen logs. But the drowsiness which oppressed her, gave to these simple facts a coloring which obscured the reality. Hence arose the wild and fearful dream, which we have related, and which has on the mind of Annette so much of the semblance of reality, that we have suffered the reader to be led astray along with her imagination. She felt it to be real, and how could the reader sympathize with her, if he did not also suppose it to be real.

It would be impossible to describe the shame and confusion of Annette, whose modesty was unusually delicate, when she discovered that she had actually spoken aloud, and in the presence of her father and the two Grahams, the words which preceded her waking. Young Graham had permitted her to sleep, believing that it would be beneficial to her, but he had feasted his eyes upon her countenance during the whole time of her slumber. He had perceived that she was troubled in her sleep, and had been once or twice on the point of waking her. But when she murmured aloud those words so welcome to his ear, and when he perceived that the two old gentlemen were listening to them, he no longer hesitated to arouse her. He would have given worlds to hear her finish the sentence—but he was too generous to permit her to expose herself. He, therefore, arose, and called her by name, as the reader has already been informed. Startled so suddenly from her dream, and not well awake, she threw her-

self into his arms, in the belief that he had not been slain, and in the hope that her father also was spared. But she soon discovered that she was not in a wigwam, and then the whole truth burst upon her mind. She knew that she had been dreaming, but she also knew that she had told the tale of her love aloud, and if that had not been fairly understood, her action afterward had fully confirmed what before was doubtful. Her father was not at a loss to understand the whole affair; but the elder Graham stared with astonishment. He did not know that Annette had been asleep, and he wondered much that so modest and genteel a young lady should fling herself into the arms of his son. Mr. Saunderson was the first to break silence—'Annette appears to have acquired a sudden attachment to our sex. She threw her arms around my neck to-day, and now she flies unasked into the embraces of your son.'

'Come, Annette,' cried young Graham, approaching her, and taking her hand, 'you shall tell us all about your dream, and I will help you. I should have awaked you before. You have been troubled in your sleep.'

But the poor girl was unable to gratify the curiosity of her friends; and it was not until she was alone with the loved one of her soul, that she was enabled to account for her conduct. He promptly related the whole to Mr. Saunderson and his father. Some jokes followed, on the part of the old men, and then a match was made up between the two loving and pure hearted ones, which redounded to the happiness of all parties.

The old merchant now takes his grandchildren on his knee, beneath the greenwood forest tree, and declares that while vexed with the cares of business, and enjoying the society of the gay and the dissipated, he knew nothing of the solid happiness, which he has experienced since his retirement from the busy throng. Annette's husband is everything that a virtuous and true hearted woman could desire, and he sometimes tells his lovely bride that when she came to the West to teach school, she little knew that all her scholars would be her own children.

THE wounds of the tongue cause more sorrow than those of the sword.

Examine the inside and outside of all business.

Sympathy.

Original.

WHAT is that secret, mystic tie
That binds our hearts together here,
And prompts us oft to heave a sigh
For others woes; to shed the pitying tear
O'er human frailties; yea, to soothe and bless,
The sorrowing heart, and make its burden less?

'Tis sympathy—the purest, holiest flame
That ever glowed within the human heart;
'Tis worthy of the source from whence it came—
That heavenly fount whose waters doth impart
Peace to the troubled soul, and sweet relief
In dark misfortune's hour of bitter grief.

I've traced the workings of this power
Through every stage and grade of life,
From childhood's blythe and sunny hour,
To youth's high hopes and manhood's strife.
E'en age's slow pulse and bending form,
I've seen it raise and cheer and warm.

And whether in sunshine or in shade,
In lowly cot or palace proud,
Where'er it hath an altar made,
It lends a charm; and oft has bowed
The obdurate heart, the stubborn will subdued,
And filled the mind with love and gratitude.

Oh Parent kind! whate'er my lot may be,
In journeying through this earthly pilgrimage,
Deeply imbue my heart with sympathy:
Oh! may its healing influence assuage
The bitter cup, and smooth the rugged path,
If THIS I'm doomed to tread, and THAT to quaff.

c.

Hartford.

The Path of Life.

BY REV. H. BALLOU.

Original.

'THOU wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.'

PSALMS xvi. 11.

THE path of life is the path of duty. Obedience to the commandments of God, is life to the soul. The path of sin is the path of death. Disobedience to the divine requirements is moral death to the soul. It was said unto Adam, 'In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.' He lived while he obeyed; when he disobeyed he died. God showed to him the path of life; and while he walked in it, the presence of God was pleasant to him, and in it there was fulness of joy. When he departed from obedience, and ate of the fruit which was forbidden, he immediately hid himself from the divine presence. This circumstance is a comment on the inspired declaration, 'Without holiness no man can see the Lord.' All this is seen in the experience of the child. While it is obedient to the requirements of its parents, the presence of father and mother

is its delight and joy ; but the moment the child disobeys, a change takes place, and the presence of the parents is cautiously avoided. The right hand of God, in the text, signifies his approbation. The same figure is used in the parable of the sheep and goats, recorded Matt. xxv. The righteous, represented by sheep, were placed on the right hand of the King ; the disobedient, represented by goats, were placed on his left. Thus we see that obedience to the divine commands is life ; it brings us into the presence of God where is fulness of joy, and on the right hand of God where there are pleasures forevermore. All this, correctly understood, justifies the conclusion, that disobedience to the divine requirements is death ; it excludes us from the divine presence, and fills us with sorrow ; casts us on the left hand, where there is no peace.

Why do men and women and youth walk in the path of death ? Is it because they desire to deprive themselves of all rational enjoyments, and to bring sorrow and trouble on their souls ? This is not the case. They are deceived, beguiled as was Eve by the tempter. Temptation relies on two particulars for success. It knows that the tempted desires comfort, enjoyment, and happiness, and all these, it promises as the price of disobedience. A desire for happiness, and a belief that disobedience will procure it, are the two particulars on which temptation relies, and without them it never succeeds ; with their assistance it never fails. If we were never deceived, we should never sin. This truth is confirmed by the experience of every transgressor, and by every instance of transgression. No person ever did wrong, without first erroneously believing that something desirable would be gained by it. This truth, too, is confirmed by the words of the Savior to the Jews : ' Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' That is, the knowledge of the truth would make them free from the servitude of sin.

The general subject of the foregoing remarks has not been correctly understood and explained by our christian divines, in times past. They have not been in the habit of teaching the people, that obedience to the divine commands is life, is fulness of joy, and is pleasures forevermore. They have taught the people to believe, that if they would obey God in this mortal state, God would reward them for such pains and trouble, by bestowing on them life, fulness of joy, and everlasting pleasures in the future state.

All this preaching has tended directly to hide from the deceived the beauty and divine excellency of truth. It has, I was going to say, assisted temptation ; but it is more proper to say, that it is temptation itself. Thus religious people believe and say, that if there are no rewards and punishments in the future world for obedience and disobedience in this, they should be gainers by living in sin while they live on earth. This fatal deception will account for what many wonder at. I mean the fact that so many religious people, so many preachers are so often found out in their sinful vileness, and immoral conduct, which bring a foul stain on the profession of religion.

Do we want life to our souls ? Let us obey God. Do we desire the fulness of joy ? Let us keep the divine commands. Do we wish for constant pleasure ? Let us indulge in no pleasure but that which is found at God's right hand. Whatever may be our undertakings, in whatever business we may be engaged, let us all, old and young, male and female, ask ourselves if God will approve

Boston, Mass.

Scraps from my Diary.

Original.

NAHANT.

THE ride over the beach smooth and hard as marble, was truly delightful. The wide deep sea stretched out upon our left, heaving its restless waters, and reflecting back the light in many-changing hues. Where the waves kissed the shore, they were dark like the gray sands beneath—beyond the sea-weed lent its emerald coloring—yet farther out was penciled a line of purple—and onward, still onward, rolled the ocean like the clear heaven above, one deep unsullied blue. We entered Swallow Cave, and passing through a rough and narrow fissure—which seemed the effect of some mighty rending of the rocks—ascended those huge barriers of nature and looked out upon the wide waste of waters. Breaking and glistening in the sunshine, the swelling waves heave onward, and dash around our resting place. The white foam rises high, sprinkling the rough rocks in its fantastic gambols, and far out a receding sail gleams like a golden banner in the sunlight. Oh ! I do love thee, Ocean ! Should I weary to be forever near thee ? Viewing thy change from calm to

storm, filling my mind with the idea of thy vast sublimity, feasting mine eyes with thy beauty, and mine ears with thy soothing and ceaseless music ?

THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

THERE is a spirit of joy and gladness, whose all-pervading influence is seen upon every thing around us. It looks out from the blue sky above and smiles—it folds its wings upon the green earth, and we exclaim how beautiful ! Its hue is in every flower, and its footsteps beside the winding and silvery waters. We see its light form in the floating clouds which pavilion the sunset, and hear its tuneful voice in the rustling breeze and whispering zephyr. The maiden's song, and the laugh of childhood, are but echoes of its melody, and with every gay and innocent heart it claims kindred and companionship. It waits round our pathway through life, striving to gladden the journey with its own hues of happiness, and seeking to become the inmate of our bosoms ; but when rejected by the stern and cold-hearted, it spreads its pinions, and returns to its birth place above, for its home was there, when 'the morning stars sang together, and all the hosts of heaven shouted for joy.'

A DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed of home.
With joyous step and light, o'er well known walks
I roamed, and culled my own bright flowers.
I sat where I was wont, in the same
Pleasant room, whose windows look upon
The velvet lawn, and through the lifted sash—
Round which the honeysuckle and the sweet-brier
Twine—the fragrant winds came wooingly.
There was my seat, my work, my favorite
Books, and 'old familiar faces.' Dear eyes
Were beaming with affection's light, and kind
Words welcomed me, a wanderer long
From the domestic altar.
Sweet is the memory of that sleeping dream,
And well I know those visioned smiles of joy
Await my coming. The flowers may faded be,
And autumn winds whisper through withered leaves ;
All outward things may change ; but the heart turns
To one undying light, which burns within,
Changeless and pure—the light of love and home.

M. A. DODD.

Boston, Aug. 14.

Man's Superiority over other Creatures.

Original.

MAN is denominated the noblest work of God. Of this lower creation he is indeed such. What loftier intelligences, the Creator in the fulness of his infinite freedom, ability, and skill, may have

produced in higher and holier worlds, we presume not to know ; but upon this earth, man is lord of all. But why holds he this distinguished rank ? In what consists his superiority over all other creatures upon this diurnal sphere ? There is nothing in the construction, combination, and adaptation of the numerous parts of the outward man, to excite *surpassing* wonder. It is a question, if other creatures do not rival him in the beauty, grace, and exquisiteness of the structure of their physical organizations. It is not in the strength nor durability of his mechanical frame : in both of these particulars, other beings are his superiors. We seek in vain, then, in what the eye beholds, for his warrant to hold the station which has been assigned him. We must pass from the glory and excellence of the habitation, to the inhabitant—to that which dwells within. Of all the productions of the great Creator's power, man alone bears His image. But where is its dwelling ? Where is that divine impress to be traced ? Not in the adornments, the skill, and awe-inspiring marvels of the external tabernacle—to behold it and its glory, we must pass within. Man was endowed with a mighty soul of intelligence—a mind of deep, and complicated, and unfathomable energies, taking hold upon the life-time, and grasping at the infinitude of its author and prototype—the soul and mind OMNIPOTENT. Here is his title to reign, and that which crowns him lord of earth's domains and beings : here is the image of God. It is a mistaken notion, that this image in which man was created, has aught to do with these cumbersome clogs and fetters of clay. 'God is a Spirit'; and his image is spiritual ; but 'that which is seen is temporal.'

The mind owns no kindred—no consanguinity with the frail fabric it inhabits ; nor can ingenuity or pedantry, fix upon them any other affinity, than a companionship, of positively limited duration, and with which the former is perpetually ill at ease. This image of God which man bears, is a *captive* in this 'earthly house'—the perishable building is rather its prison, than its native and satisfactory abode. Hence, while here, it groans, 'being burthened,' and seems constantly struggling for its enfranchisement from those bands of mortality, that it may soar away to that spiritual temple, eternal in the heavens,' the elements of which are all congenial with its own. Every operation of the mind, whether free or obstructed, whether unordinary,

common, or secret, proves its own nearest proximity to the great FOUNTAIN SPIRIT, of aught else which the world knows, or can know. Even in the grandeur and glory of its outward desolation, when the steady current of its flowings is converted into a resemblance to the impetuous and maddened torrent, dashing on in its furious career, and sweeping away in the flood of its own ruins, much of the excellence and loveliness of earth—even in *this* is seen evidence that the mind has no relationship with any of the inherent properties of its perishable prison-house. But when we take a survey of the operations and accomplishments of the mind, enjoying an exact and harmonious balance of its powers—a healthful and vigorous action, it is then that it is seen, in all the bewildering amazement of the truly sublime, towering up to the very sanctuary of divinity, and demonstrating its high derivation from the uncreated attributes of the Almighty Parent MIND.

Behold it in a Newton, playing with the planets of the nether world, as with the denizens of his chess-board : In a Franklin, see it grasp the forked lightnings, and the red thunderbolts of heaven, as though they were but the handy implement of his printing press : Behold it in a Washington, with Herculean might, casting out from the land of the pilgrims, by his mane of porcupines, the monster oppression, with the power of a mill-stone plunging from the clouds into the depths of the sea ; yea, and creating at the same time, in all the beauty, excellence and majesty of the emancipated mind, a nation of intellectual freemen. Aye, behold it in the stalwart spirit of this age, laying hold upon the very groundwork of the temple of spiritual wickedness in high '*standing and influence*,' and shutting up in the great abyss, its legion-named and hydra-headed mistress, embracing in her capacious *viscera abdominal*, superstition, war, intemperance and slavery, and commanding the earth, in the name of the great Head of the church, to stand forth in the robes of righteousness, made white in the doctrines of the Lamb. Yes, behold it, laying, strong and deep, with tried stones and precious, the foundations of the building of our nation's political, religious, and domestic institutions—a radiant palace of mind, lifting its towers into the pure light of heaven ; defying the strength of the physical and intellectual Sampsons and Goliaths of the world ; surrounded by a fortification so invincible, of the virtues,

general knowledge, pure patriotism of her votaries, and the influence of an overspreading, enlightened, and illuminating christianity, that it shall never be said of this our country's boast and glory, till time is no more, as it was spoken of the beautiful temple of the city of David : 'There shall not be left of thee one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down'.

That age of the power and sublime developments of mind, which annihilates distance, and brings cities of the weary pilgrimage of many weeks apart, to the proximity of a sabbath-day's journey—that disdains all the ploddings of *terra firma*, and treads, with the velocity of the whirlwind, the airy fields of space, and walks the golden streets of the sun, may not, with safety, be limited in its performances. The present generation has far outstripped the most sanguine predictions of their fathers : and although our prognostications of the age to come, may seem to partake liberally of a feverish imagination, coming but little short of the incoherences of the lunatic, yet we know not but they are quite as likely to be outdone. To limit the energies of mind, in the generation that may come upon the stage after us, is little else than setting bounds to the Almighty. It is the spirit of God, exerting its mightiness through mortal agencies, that has wrought the wonders of all past, and of the present time. All whose deeds have procured immortality for their memories, must say, as the great Master said of his own mighty works : 'We of ourselves can do nothing ; the Father that dwelleth in us, he doeth the work.' Who believes not, that the Spirit of God, in the great and good Washington, led our fathers forth from the oppressor's power, to glorious independence ? Who doubts, that the spirit of the great father Intelligence, moved upon the offspring minds of Newton and Franklin, and elevated them to those sublime lights of discovery and science, from which to behold their cotemporaries below, or be seen of them, the aid of their glasses might seem a requisition indispensable. Who does not believe, that believes aught embraced in the christian's vocabulary, that the wise author Spirit moved upon the kindred spirits of the sages, and wise men, benefactors and reformers of our race, whose deeds are recorded in story, and commemorated in the anthem and the song ? If it is God, then, who thus performs through us, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure ; and by such means has wrought the intellectual

marvels and prodigies that distinguish the age, shall we presume to set bounds to the mighty spirit of Jehovah, and to say how far Omnipotence can proceed by human means, or how much accomplish by the instrumentality of man? No, far be it from us.

The public mind, like our physical systems, seems to require its occasional seasons of repose; which, though they may, like those appointed to our bodies, prove to be seasons of darkness, molestation, danger and crime, are, nevertheless, ordained in wisdom, to impart to it freshness and renewed vigor, and to prepare it to awake with redoubled energy and power. 'That day shall not come,' said one that God had inspired, 'except there come a falling away first.' Should it be the good pleasure of God, then, that the mighty power which is now moving upon the elements of reformation, shall repose for a season, and should the usual signs follow, relaxation, darkness and crime—let us not be dismayed, but let our moral strength and courage be renewed by a remembrance of the past; believing, that, with the earliest dawn of the better age, the public mind will awake from its healthful slumber, refreshed, endowed with newness of life, and with a moral nerve, adapted to the consummations of the great day of the Lord. The public mind of this age, resembles a man that has just awakened from a sound, healthful, invigorating, and *renovating* sleep—eager for food, and impatient for the useful, manly, and muscular exercises of business life. And indeed, this is its situation. It has just aroused itself from a *long night of repose*; and now promises to spend the day in those gigantic engagements and pursuits, which shall eclipse the magnificent achievements of all past generations. It should not be a source of regret, then, should the omniscient Mind appoint unto this dread power another season of repose, since it has but to awake yet once again as from its last sleep, to crown the Prince of life and peace, 'King of kings and Lord of lords.'

Of all the departments in the empire of mind, that of religion is the most prominent and important. Reason, therefore, would dictate, that its station, in the great mental and moral reformations of the age, should be far in advance. Has it been thus? Rather, has not that which passes for religion, ever brought up the rear, at a lamentable distance? Men are eager, yea, impatient, that their politicians, poets, lawgivers,

physicians, and pedagogues, should move rapidly on the tide of improvement; but their clergymen must be chained, like gally slaves to their oars; and like leaden mountains, settle *immovably* down—save by the convulsions of nature—in the 'good old way,' contenting themselves with the moth-eaten fare of moles and bats, and the companionship of bigots, knaves, and fools. Away with those fastidious and over delicate consciences, which forbid the pulpit to lead in the march of mind. Gag laws for any body else than ministers of Christ; and shamefacedness that shrinks from looking vice in the eye, and pronouncing the Master's rebuke, 'Get thee behind me, *Satan*,' for *any* place but the pulpit! Let the coming age witness a reformation here; let it prove the servants of Christ the true servants of the people; and let it find them their captains in marching forth to the battles with the armies of Gog and Magog. He that will sacrifice a fearless declaration of truth, under a pretence of preserving any ill-matched alliance, will compromise with iniquity, and connive at the open machinations of the devil. Let the standard of reformation, then, henceforth be raised the highest, its banner float the boldest, and its trumpet sound the loudest, from the walls of our Zion.

J. C. W.

Lynn, Mass.

Sonnet to the Eagle,

WHICH COMES ANNUALLY AND PERCHES ON A DECAYED SYCAMORE TREE WITHIN SIGHT OF MY WINDOW.

Original.

BIRD of the craggy peak!
Thy home 's the mountain height;
Thou liv'st where winds are bleak,
And stars gleam cold and bright;
Broad is thy gaze o'er heaven and earth,
From that lone spot that gave thee birth.

Bird with the piercing eye!
Could we but soar like thee,
Far up in yonder sky,
And wing our way as free,
Think'st thou we 'd stoop to earth again,
Where sorrow and oppression reign?
Ah, no, we 'd keep in heaven's own light,
Could we but take thy lofty flight.

D. B. H.

Saugus, Mass.

WHOEVER liveth contentedly is rich.

Science is better than riches, because science will guard thee, and thou must take care of riches. Riches diminish by expenditure, but science increases with enjoyment.

A little gall corrupts much honey.

The Lot of Woman.

Original.

' Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !'
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !'

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE domestic infelicities of Mrs. Hemans—the infidelity of her husband—his dastard abandonment of her and her five children, opened a fountain of melancholy in her bosom, that was often permitted to flow into and mingle with the outpourings of poetic inspiration, so that some of the streams were made more dark than they should have been ; in other words, some of her poems are too much like the breathings of the misanthrope, and were written under the impulse of strong real feelings, as was the case in regard to some of the most thrilling passages in the writings of Byron. The lines by Mrs. Hemans, which head this article, are of the character we notice ; and we are actually sick of seeing them quoted and quoted in papers, magazines, and albums, as containing serious truisms—as describing the actual lot of woman. What a comment on the affections of man ! At what great price is the praise of woman bought ! And is it so ? Is it the *lot of woman* to pour out sumless riches of affection on *broken reeds*, and find them to be as the *wasted shower* ; or is it a truism that in general the outpourings of woman's love on man, are like the waters of the shower that seem wasted as they fall on the barren and rocky soil ? We question the truth of this. Man has as much heart as woman—he can love as deeply and as devotedly, though poets have not sung it. Man has sometimes poured out sumless riches on an idol and found no return ; he has known the bitterness of desertion, and the deep grief of neglect. But such is not his lot ; neither is it the lot of woman. That true, devoted, and patient love finds a return and a reward, is nearer a truism, than that the lot of woman is—

' Sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !'

I envy not the feelings that gave birth to the poem from which we have quoted a stanza. What was the occasion on which it was written ? ' Evening Prayer at a Girls' School.' And as the poet saw them engaged in that sacred exercise, she followed them in imagination through the years to come, and oh ! what a change did she imagine would come over their dream of life !

Joyous confiding creatures now bowed in prayer, were soon to mingle amid life's busy scenes, and their lot—the lot of woman—would be to love in vain, to waste affection, and bewail the worship of the heart ! No, no, I would not have such dark views of man, such a miserable idea of the lot of woman. Felicia Hemans *may* have poured out ' sumless riches from affection's deep' on a ' broken reed—a wasted shower,' but there is as sweet a poet of love and its hallowed ministries, who has said of her chosen one—'*To me, the period of our union was one of unbroken happiness.*' See a biographical sketch of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, by herself, in the ' Ladies Wreath,' page 386.

ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.

No Meeting and yet a Meeting.

Original.

ONE of our elder brethren in the ministry related to us a short incident, which we deem worth repeating here. He was for many years a preacher of the doctrines of partialism, but for the last twelve years he has labored for the upbuilding of a better faith. Being on a visit in the town where he was formerly settled, he took occasion to call on many of the society to whom he ministered while a believer in the doctrine of endless misery. They all received him with kindness, for they esteemed *the man*, though not *the Universalist* ; they loved him, but not his new doctrine. It so chanced that he called at a house where quite a number of aged matrons were assembled to spend a social afternoon together, and they received him with many expressions of friendly esteem. Several of the aged ladies lamented his apostacy, as they deemed it, from the truth, and although they respected him, they declared they never could go to one of his meetings, for it were a sin to hear him preach now.

Conversation soon became quite animated, and the ladies were very industrious in bringing forth arguments, as they considered them, against the doctrine of illimitable grace. Many passages of scripture were discussed, and in fact our worthy brother *preached* more that met their case, than he could have preached in two sermons. As evening drew nigh, and the ladies were about to disperse to their homes, one of them said : ' Do Mr. S—— let us hear *you pray*—it would seem so good !' ' Certainly,' was the reply, ' but I must sing first.' And then he commenced an old and well known hymn on prayer,

and chose a tune which he knew was in other days the greatest favorite in that quarter, and the aged matrons with their tremulous voices assisted spiritedly. When the hymn was ended some of them could not but express great pleasure in having 'old times' so sweetly revived. Then our brother *prayed* with them, and they all seemed to pray with him, and feel that what he uttered was the petition of soul felt sincerity. After this, with many mutual good wishes for each other's prosperity, they parted; and our brother thinks that although they declared they would not go to one of his meetings, or hear him preach, they did attend one, and did hear him preach, and he was enabled to awake in them better feelings than they had ever possessed before towards the truth of universal ultimate salvation. B*.

East Cambridge, Aug. 1837.

On the Death of G. O. M.

Original.

PRIDE of a mother's and a father's heart,
Blossom of beauty, thou from us art gone!
Earth with a brighter gem did never part;
Ne'er from affection was a dearer torn;—
We mourn thy absence from our arms and love;
We miss thy cheerful voice, thou sweet toned dove!

It seems but yesterday thy playful arms
Were twined in gladness round thy mother's neck,
And she was revelling in thy many charms,
No darkening fears her hope and joy to check;
Thine eye was bright, and from thy rich lips fell
The prattling tones, that were a magic spell.

Around her feet thy little toys were strewed,
And she was happy that they gave thee joy;
Thy sports charmed others in a pleasant mood,
And all were merry with the idol boy;
And all were eager that the opening mind,
In them a teacher and an aid should find.

But now thy robes, wrought with a parent's care,—
The little crib where thou wert sung to sleep,—
Each tiny thing that did thy favor share,
Call up the waters of affection's deep;
All are the cause of tears of bitterness,
Of painful thoughts within the throbbing breast.

'The happy trio' doth no more exist,
Two sisters bitterly thy absence mourn;
From many joyous sports they now desist,
For with 'dear brother' all the charm is gone;
And oft thy voice will on their hearing creep,
They run to meet thee, but return to weep.

But when we feel that God doth reign on high,
That all his ways are ways of truth and love,
That pain and grief can never more come nigh,
We cannot weep that thou art gone above;
But hush the wish that fain would bring thee back,
To tread and suffer in life's beaten track. B*.

East Cambridge, Aug. 1837.

Man's Anomalous Nature.

Original.

BY J. M. AUSTIN.

'How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man.'

Poor, poor indeed, is man! His life a gift, which he must render up at the bidding of the infinite Donor—his body, the workmanship of another; its outgoings and incomings, its times and seasons, its years and hours, dependant upon the will of Him who breathed it into existence! A beggar for all he has, and all he expects to have—for all he enjoys and all he hopes to enjoy! A mendicant, supported alone by the charity of the Giver of all good! A pensioner upon the benevolent and holy One, for continued life, for health, for strength, sustenance, shelter, protection. Yea, how poor is man! The earth feeds him, the sun bathes him with its delicious light and heat, the gentle breeze fans his brow with its flowing luxuriance, only by the permission of Jehovah. Without the aid of a superior power, what could be accomplished by the puny arm of man, for his own benefit? Could he infuse into the soil its richness and fertility—its capability of putting forth in abundance, 'food for man and beast?' Could he 'set a tabernacle for the sun,' and cause 'his going forth from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it?' Could he persuade the lambent air of evening to send down its sweet dew upon reposing field and forest—to distil its brilliant pearls into the opened and expecting bosoms of the blushing rose and the gorgeous lily, of the humble tulip and the meek-eyed violet? or command the morning cloud to let fall 'the small rain upon the tender herb, and the showers upon the mown grass?' Could he persuade the gentle zephyr, as it wantons over meadow and parterre, to lave itself in the aroma of flowers, and breathe its rich perfume upon his ravished senses? Alas, no! Did no strength exist superior to man's frail weakness, all these blessings would be wanting—all would be barrenness, frozen sterility, and 'the blackness of darkness forever'—yea, had he no support beyond his own energies, his flesh would melt away, his bones would crumble to dust, and his very spirit would sink into rayless annihilation! How poor, then, is man—and deeply should he realize his poverty in the sight of munificent heaven. And yet—

'How rich!' Although poor in his own resour-

ces, yet how rich is man in the favor of a God of infinite capabilities. He is rich in having every natural want fully supplied, and in possessing numerous resources for high and pure enjoyment. He is rich in the love of his Creator! That love is his—free, unpurchased, as the rains of heaven, it has been bestowed—as a broad, majestic river, it flows unto him, bearing upon its swelling floods, blessings that cannot be enumerated nor imagined. For man the love of Jehovah has kindled the flaming king of day, and moulded the orb of night's lovely queen, and paved the blue arch of heaven with glowing sapphires—for man it causes the 'wandering cisterns of the sky,' to send down their rich treasures—for man it commands the earth to become clothed in verdure, the fields to wave with the golden harvest, and the trees to bend beneath their delicious burthens—yea, the noise of the gurgling brook, of the tumultuous rapid, of the thundering cataract; the whispering of the breeze, the lowing of the herds, the chirping of the tiny insect, the mellow songs of birds, and every sound of joy and gladness that goes up from the broad surface of earth—are so many voices proclaiming the rich treasure which man possesses in the love of God!

Man is rich in hope. It is one of the most valuable of heaven's priceless bequests. It is a friend that never forsakes.

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'

There is no condition, however unfortunate and wretched, where hope, with its sweet smile, does not attend us. When gloom and despair are setting deep within the soul, even then the bright form of hope will dance before us, and point to approaching deliverance and to better days. And when, finally, all things on earth fail for hope to rest upon, so far from failing or perishing, it wings its flight, guided by its confiding sister faith, to a better world, and points the eye of man to scenes of transcendent loveliness! Hope, enlightened by faith, whispers to man's aching heart, of a home in the heavens, where cloudless skies, and never setting suns shall beam around him—a home, the cerulean battlements of which are thronged with groups of bright and smiling beings, eager to hail, and cheer, and announce the approach of the poor, benighted spirits of men, that wander up from this dim and far-off orb—a home where all earth's broken ties shall be re-united, where the great

family circle of human kind, shall be complete—complete in numbers; in purity, in happiness; soul linked with soul in love and union sweet, without one lost or forgotten son or daughter! Oh! who that possesses this hope would part with it! What could purchase it? Could the wealth of the universe be concentrated in one gorgeous, glittering tiara, who would not consider it poor and wretched in value—as very dust—in comparison to the worth of such a hope? How rich, then, how immensely rich, is the man who possesses it. And still—

'How abject' is man! A worm of the dust—a body framed from the perishable elements of earth, subject to disease and decay and dissolution—possessing nothing he can call his own; no, not even his body or his life—dependent as the very beasts of the field, for all that sustains and comforts him,—in regard to his own resources, poor and helpless—ignorant alike of the mode of his construction, of the process by which he performs the simplest action, and of the causes by which his existence is continued! He is a bubble, springing up on the ocean of time, to bask a few moments in the light of this life's existence, and then to vanish away forever! The raven pall of mortality is spread over him—grim death marks him as its victim—the grovelling worm calls to him for its banquet—the earth demands him as her own production, and the iron bars of the tomb hold his dissolving frame in their unyielding embrace! Oh how low and abject is man! And yet—

'How august!' He is the workmanship of an Omnipotent Hand; the production of Infinite Wisdom—breathed into existence by boundless and impartial love! He is lord of this lower world; the lawful ruler of all the countless tribes that possess life in this mundane sphere. He is created in the image of the Eternal; high he stands upon the vast scale of being; but 'a little lower than the angels'; and intimately is he related to angel and arch-angel, to seraphim and cherubim, and all that spotless throng who surround the throne of heaven's Majesty! He is the

'Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity.'

Pure, beatified, holy spirits are interested in his welfare; and the celestial courts resound with rejoicings when even one sinful man returns to the way of peace. He is deemed worthy the love of a God, and the exertions and death of a Savior—worthy to be ransomed and redeemed

and exalted ! He possesses capabilities that, under proper instruction, can be improved to an almost infinite extent ; even to rival the angels in knowledge and holiness ! The kind Creator deems a being endowed with these ennobling powers of sufficient value to be reformed, and instructed, and improved, and he has therefore expressed his determination to release the whole race of man from the frailties and imperfections of flesh and blood, to elevate them to a higher state of existence, to crown them with immortality, glory, honor, and endless life, and cause them to become worthy to dwell in his presence, and mingle their voices in the universal chorus of thanksgiving and praise ! Born to such a glorious destiny, how august is man !

'How complicate !' Man is the centre of all the extremes in nature. Possessing the qualities of a saint, how often he exhibits the wickedness of the fabled demon ! With a heart capable of every generous and godlike emotion, we frequently behold him displaying the utmost baseness and malignity. How complicate is the intermixture of the heavenly and the earthy natures ! Now the one predominating, and now the other ! Alternately he is swayed by heavenly love and by the hatred of this world—by forgiveness and by revenge—by benevolence and by selfishness—by affability and by moroseness—by honor and by meanness—by honesty and by chicanery—by virtue and by vice—by reason and by passion—by the love of goodness and by the fear of punishment—by the purest wisdom and by the most consummate folly ! How complicate is man ! Exhibiting the characteristics of an angelic nature interwoven with the imperfection and brutality of the beasts ! A frail, decaying child of earth, an heir of immortality !—'a worm ! a god !' Cannot and will not He who amalgamated these discordant natures, separate them ? Yes ; 'for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' Cannot He who embowels the precious gold in earth's deep recesses, break asunder its rocky vestments, and purge it of its impurities ? Yes. So shall the Savior 'sit as a refiner and purifier of silver ; and he shall purify the sons' of men, 'and purge them as gold and silver'—for 'as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' Cannot He who enwraps the wheat in its husky coats, winnow out the useless chaff ?

Yes. So shall he winnow the earthy from the heavenly nature of man ; so shall he cause 'the dust to return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it !'

'How wonderful is man !' Wonderful in his bodily construction—in the wisdom and skill displayed in its intricate and delicate formation, in its adaptation to activity, endurance and usefulness, and in its capabilities of conferring enjoyment ! But how surpassingly wonderful is man's mental nature ! The mind—the spirit ! Who can describe its construction, its nature, its mode of operation ? Who can portray the magnificence of its powers, the vastness of its comprehensions, the extent of knowledge it can acquire, the height to which it can ascend upon the infinite scale of attainable wisdom ? Think of its capabilities. Man has but to *will*, and lo ! his mind is plumed with soaring pinions, and with a velocity that leaves the flashing light of heaven lagging far behind, it speeds to the distant isles of ocean, or runs the circle of the globe from meridian to meridian. At will, it soars to the starry heavens—it wanders from glittering sphere to sphere, wrapt in wonder and admiration, in contemplating those countless glittering gems of night, which have been showered, as it were, in infinite exuberance, from the Imperial Diadem of Omnipotence ! The mind ! how amazing its capacities—how 'past finding out' the value of its riches ! It is a transcript of its Maker—a miniature of the Infinite Mind—the image of the invisible God !

Incomprehensible mind ! thou art mine ! I claim thee as the holy gift of heaven—the boon of my Creator's love ! Thy radiance is the celestial coronet with which my nature has been crowned—the token which marks me, and all my race, as children of Him 'who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens'—the signet which betokens our nobility, and which will open wide to us the portals of endless life ! And oh ! wilt not Thou, who framed this mind, preserve it ? Wilt not Thou, without whose notice not even a sparrow can fall to the ground, cherish this emanation from thyself, and grant it the high advantages, the inestimable privileges and enjoyments of a sinless and perfect world ? Yes ; Thou hast promised, and I will trust Thee ! Thy sacred word is pledged, that in the immortality of the resurrection state, man shall be exalted to an equality with thy holy angels ! and I will believe

thee, and will call upon my soul to rejoice in thy sacred truth ! Then—

'How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !
An angel's arm can't snatch him from the grave :
Legions of angels can't confine him there !'

Why comes he not ?

T O R. M. W.

Original.

ALAS ! dear girl, he 'll never come again—
The cold, dark waves of death, have past him o'er ;
The voice that once thy youthful bosom thrill'd,
In this frail world, shall meet thy ear no more.

Far from his native land and home he sleeps,
And strangers placed him in some lonely spot ;
He past away—and then, with them no more,
That he *was* there, perhaps, is now forgot.

Not so with thee ! while memory holds her sway,
And sheds her sacred influence o'er thy heart,
A tender brother's love will still live on,
And to thy joys a softened shade impart.

E. R. W.

Lynn, Mass.

Character of God's Goodness.

Original.

THAT God is good, all men admit ; that he 'is good to all,' the scriptures expressly declare ; and that he is purely and wholly love, no one will deny. Israel's sweet singer says, 'The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' In addition to this beautiful declaration, he thus describes God's character : 'The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion ; slow to anger, and of great mercy.' And that disciple whom Jesus loved, embodies all Jehovah's perfections in one word,—love ; 'God is love.'

From these cheering assurances of holy men, inspired by heaven's own spirit, we learn the true character of our heavenly Father. We hear the blissful announcement, that, as regards mankind, God is good to all—supremely gracious, full of compassion, and of infinite mercy. But this general assurance, that 'God is good to all,' does not satisfy man. He desires to know *how* good God is ; and how great is his love towards the frail creatures of his care.

Blessed be our Maker's name ! On this subject, rests no doubt, no darkness, no obscurity. It is a theme upon which the pen of inspiration has been employed ; and where the traces of

that pen are found, all is light. Let us, then, from this source, answer our question : How good is God ? In the xlixth chapter of Isaiah, 10th verse, Jehovah asks, 'Can a woman forget her nursing child, that she should not have compassion on her son ? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Here, in this brief passage, we have all that we can ask ; we now know how much our heavenly Father loves us, and how great is his goodness. He says his love for us is greater than that almost quenchless affection which glows in a mother's breast ! For, adds he, 'she may forget her nursing child,' 'yet' (O man, give heed !) 'will I not forget thee.' Oh, what more can we ask, what more desire ? Our heavenly Father himself declares, that in his bosom dwells an affection more deep, more lasting, more fervent, than a tender mother's love. 'Ah,' we are ready to exclaim, 'can it be so ? Is it possible that God loves us more deeply than that sainted being, who tenderly watches over us in our youthful hours, and constantly guards our wayward steps from danger ? Is his love greater than hers ? Is it warmer, purer, more steadfast ? O, can it be ? If so, then indeed, must God be good—yea, *rich* in goodness.'

Ah yes, as much as the mother loves the darling of her bosom ; as deep, as pure, as lasting as is her affection for it ; as warm, as bright, as quenchless as is the holy flame which glows in her maternal breast, yet God's love for us is still greater ; yea, infinitely greater, deeper, more enduring ; it is immutable, indestructible, eternal. Oh, how consoling the thought ! Why cannot we repose confidence in a Being of such perfect love ? Why do we distrust his unbounded goodness—his tender care—his infinite mercy ? How strange ! O man ! what an enigma thou art ! Thou feelest perfectly safe, while under the protection of a tender mother's care ; but canst not implicitly trust thyself to the kind providence of a merciful God ! Thou canst, without the least apparent reluctance, distrust the goodness of the King of kings, and Lord of lords ; yet thou wilt readily place full and unreserved confidence in the affection which glows in a mother's breast. Thou considerest not that 'she may forget her nursing child, and cease to have compassion on her son.' But such, alas ! may be the case. Yes ; when locked in the strong embrace of

'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

the affectionate mother may cease to think of the dear objects of her care. But not so with God ; his love never fails, his eye never sleeps. Or, when laid upon the bed of sickness, her frail form racked with pains and cruel tortures, her mind estranged from the things of earth, and absorbed in the contemplation of eternity's transcendent glories,—she may forget the tender offspring of her love. But not so with God—he knows not sickness, nor pain, nor sorrow. Where he dwells, is fulness of joy, and perfection of bliss. He hath said to man, 'I will not forget thee ; and all God's sayings are true, and his promises yea and amen to his own glory.

We now know how much God loves us. We have all, perhaps, experienced the warmth and tenderness of a mother's love ; we have all known and been the recipients of her kindness and affection ; we have all felt that we could safely entrust ourselves to her care. But let us be assured that God is more worthy of our confidence, inasmuch as his love never fails, his eye never sleeps, and he himself never knows change. How worthy is such a being of man's best affections ; and how ungrateful must he be, who never makes the slightest return for all his Maker's mercies.

T.

Warren, R. I.

The Grave of Lazarus.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

Original.

AMONG all the interesting circumstances connected with the life and miracles of Jesus, none is calculated to inspire a warmer love and a brighter faith, than the resurrection of Lazarus. The place he filled in the family of his sisters, and the loneliness of their bereaved condition, added greatly to the poignancy of the grief occasioned by his death. They had leaned on him for support, and felt that in their brother, they had a counsellor and guardian. But with scarce a moment's premonition, this earthly prop is cut down ; Lazarus, their beloved Lazarus, falls in death. Jesus having tarried at their house, when on a visit at Bethany, they sent for him when their brother was taken sick, hoping he would come and restore him. But he is apparently indifferent to their request ; he comes not till Lazarus had been dead four days. On arriving at the grave, he finds the sisters, and those who had come to comfort them, in the

deepest sorrow. Falling at his feet, Mary exclaims in tones of despair, '*Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.*' The occasion is one of universal weeping ; the whole company is bathed in tears. Jesus, touched by this great grief, groans in spirit, and weeps with them. If a single hope had before cheered the sisters, it was now extinguished ; for they were strangers to a sympathy and compassion which could weep thus, when the cause of sorrow was about to be removed. But Jesus advances to the grave, and commands the stone to be taken away ; and though told that putrefaction had commenced, *he cries with a loud voice, Lazarus come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes.*

Reader ! Let us linger a moment at this consecrated grave ; and see what instruction we can gather respecting our Master and Redeemer, and our prospects for eternity.

1. We learn the *great love of Jesus, and the boundless grace of which he was a minister.* His tears and sympathy on the occasion, are the fullest proof of undissembled love. And they were so regarded by the Jews ; for they exclaimed, *Behold how he loved him.* This was something more than a momentary feeling of tenderness and kindness, awakened by the peculiar grief of Martha and Mary ; it was a love which embraced within the grasp of its designs, their eternal as well as immediate happiness ; the same as this mighty miracle of mercy displayed the genius of his mission, and pointed to that future resurrection, when a world shall be raised immortal and glorious. This deep, unflinching and impartial love, was manifested, not only in his tears of sympathy, but in his life of purity, his doctrines of grace, his death of agony ; in all of which he was laboring for the salvation of man, for the execution of God's holy purposes of grace, and for the fulfilment of his sacred promises. The raising of Lazarus, and wiping tears from the eyes of his afflicted sisters, were not the end, but means of effecting the end of his mission, of displaying his character as the minister of infinite mercy, as the agent of God in the restoration of our race, as the resurrection and the life, the Captain of salvation, the Conqueror of death and hell ; and thus of enlightening people respecting the plan of grace, and establishing them in the hopes of immortality.

Viewed in this light, what an interest and im-

portance are attached to the miracles and labors of Christ. He opens the eye that had been closed in death, and gives motion to the lips, that had just faltered out a dying farewell, that he might inspire mankind with the hope of heaven; and shed upon them a light, which shall scatter the darkness of time, and irradiate the valley of death. The same sublime and holy object prompted every exertion of his supernatural power. The word which unstopped the deaf ear, the touch which unsealed the blind eye, and the prayer which restored the wasted strength, were designed as assurances, that redeeming love will finally open upon the mental vision all the beauty of heaven, raise us to its songs of praise and perennial youth. Well then, might it be said: *Behold how he loved him.* This miracle of mercy disclosed an illimitable ocean of love, a fountain of unfading grace, and presented to the eye of faith, the whole plan of redemption, with all its provisions for enlightening, saving and sanctifying our race.

On no other system but that of boundless and victorious love, can we account for the tears and sympathy of Jesus; for if he can be eternally happy in executing endless torture upon a single soul, it is impossible that he should have groaned in spirit and wept at the grave of Lazarus, when he knew that in a few moments the chains of death would be broken, and the lifeless tenant of the tomb welcomed back to the eager endearments of friendship and love. How precious then are the tears shed on this hallowed occasion. As from the drop of water, thrown upon the lip from the high foaming billows, we learn that it is from the boundless ocean; so from these tears, we learn the greatness of his love, and the exhaustless treasures of his grace. They are mirrors, which reflect all his excellency and mercy, his dying pity and cleansing blood.

2. We learn the *ability of Christ to accomplish the great object of his mission.* That Lazarus was actually dead, none will dispute. Four days had elapsed since the lamp of life was extinguished. His friends had given up all hopes, for they had no idea that the dead could be raised, after the third day. There was no possibility for deception here; 'for Jesus was not present during the sickness of Lazarus; neither did he visit Bethany, till he had been dead four days. Besides there was no splendid apparatus for carrying on the work of deception; no retiring in-

to obscurity to avoid the observation of the world; no apparent attempt to excite wonder or gain reputation; nothing of the spirit of worldly complacency or triumph, when the miracle was over; in short, there was not a single mark of imposture about it; but all was open as day to the observation of enemies and friends.' Hence we must admit the reality of the miracle.

This admitted, and Christ stands before us clothed with power sufficient for all things. If he can raise one, he can raise all; if he can pour light upon the sightless eye-ball, he can enlighten every benighted mind; if he can break the chains of death, he can break the galling chains of sin. Nothing is too mighty or difficult for him; he can lay low every mountain of iniquity, lift up from the deepest depravity, roll back the strongest current of evil, and write his law upon the hardest heart. To this supernatural greatness, the prophets and apostles always appealed, as the evidence of his Messiahship, and the pledge of his success in the holy object of his mission. 'He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he has set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God. * * * Of the increase of his government and peace, there shall be no end. It is a light thing, that thou shouldst be my servant, to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to lighten the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth. As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he might give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. We see not yet all things put under him; but we see Jesus for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.'

Thus is the power of Jesus celebrated and set forth as a pledge of his final triumph. This he asserts at the grave of Lazarus: 'I am the resurrection and the life;' all power is vested in me—I can raise now, I can raise too at the last day. Hence it is said, He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, till he hath destroyed death, and caused the whole world to shout the triumphs of victory over hell.

Such, christian, is thy Redeemer! Not only the wild elements of nature and the mysterious powers of death are obedient to his command; but all the agents of darkness and sin, and the whole world of mind, feeling and affection.

Blessed Jesus ! Happy are they who trust in thy power.

3. We learn not to *despair of divine mercy*. To pour out tears of grief, has the sanction of Jesus, for he wept at the grave of Lazarus. It is neither a violation of christian submission or decorum to pour out pity's balm and passion's treasure ; for the heart was formed for sympathy and love. But to give way to feelings of despair—

'To stand as one upon a rock
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him'—

is to cast an aspersion on the ways of Providence, and accuse Jehovah of unkindness. It is true, there are seasons when all is darkness, when it is impossible to conceive the way, in which mercy will be manifested, when the paths of God are in the sea, and his footsteps in the mighty deep, when clouds and darkness are round about him. So felt Jacob, when Joseph's coat was returned, dripping as he supposed, with his son's blood. So felt the mother of Moses, when she committed her child in a frail bark to the angry waters of the Nile. And so felt the sisters of Lazarus, when the light of the third day after his death was extinguished. But in all these cases, there was the invisible hand of God ; and he so guided the conflicting elements of matter and mind, that every cloud of sorrow was big with mercy, and every pang of grief was the minister of joy and love. And could we see the end of all his dealings, we should know, that he has always the same wise and holy object in view, that when he tears from us earthly comforts, it is that he may draw our hearts to himself ; that when he 'smites us with the iron edge of calamity,' it is that he may 'break up the rocky ground of the soul,' and sow the seeds of kindness and mercy ; that when he blasts all our earthly prospects, it is that he may cut the sinews of our presumptuousness, and make us lean on him ; that when he rides on the whirlwind, and makes every angry element a minister of his will, it is that we may acknowledge his majesty, and bow in submission to his righteous reign.

How wrong, then, to give way to despair ; and say with Zion, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me, or with Jacob, all these things are against me. Nothing which

God does is against us ; for wisdom and goodness characterize all his dealings ; and he will finally overrule all things for good. We should trust him, therefore, even if human wisdom and power mock our trust—'if the fig tree does not blossom, the labor of the olive fail, the fields yield no meat, the flock be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls.' He will bring it to pass—he will cause light to shine out of darkness, and peace to grow out of trouble.

Boston, Mass.

Humility.

Original.

'And if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.' 1 CORINTHIANS cviii. 2.

It is a fact well worthy of remembrance, that many of the sentiments expressed by Jesus and his apostles, appear so simple and so natural, so plain and so self-evident, that the reader frequently passes them over without sufficient consideration ; but when the same sentiment comes down to us clad in new language, as the wise saying of a philosopher of our own day, we quote it in our books with great applause, and admire the originality and wisdom of its author. The verse which stands at the head of this piece, is adorned with no studied elegance of language—illustrated by no beautiful comparison, and rounded off with no high sounding period. It fully conveys the idea which it is meant to convey, and there it finishes. No embellishment is made use of. No attempt is made to enforce it upon the reader's attention. Like a pearl on the sea shore, it remains distinguished only by its own beauty, and ready to be appropriated, for its own intrinsic worth, by any one who is capable of estimating its value. There is evidently no exertion made use of by the apostle to give birth to the idea conveyed in so few words. They fall easily and naturally from his pen, like a man thinking aloud. At a much later date, and after the world was supposed to be much more enlightened, a sentiment somewhat similar to the above was expressed by Sir Isaac Newton, and has been much quoted and admired. After long years of research, that deep philosopher expressed the following as the result of his labors. 'I seem to myself,' said he, 'to have been like a schoolboy, only gathering shells on the shore of the great ocean of knowledge. He had learned

enough to become acquainted with his own ignorance. He was wise enough to know how to be humble. It is not my purpose to show that this idea has stood for centuries in the New Testament, and that Newton only revived it and gave it to the world in a new dress. I would rather take advantage of the testimony of that great philosopher, to prove that humility is a mark of wisdom. Newton was an honest man as well as a philosopher, and we may believe that he spake with candor—that he felt what he said, and really regarded himself as a mere trifler on the shores of knowledge. I do not mean to decry human knowledge. The acquirement of useful information, the cultivation of the intellect, is worthy of immortal beings; and that the only creatures in the world capable of thought should be debarred from the free exercise of it is preposterous. But who are they that undervalue their own acquirements? Who are they that become convinced of their own insufficiency? It is those who have made the greatest advances, and those who would seem to have the most cause to be proud. But it is the novice, the man who has acquired a mere smattering of information, whom 'knowledge puffeth up.' As confidence and self-sufficiency are useful to a worldly man, and enable him to push himself forward, and acquire riches, we generally see that very little merit and very little talent are necessary to him. While the greatest geniuses, the most profound philosophers, and the best men, have very frequently struggled through life with poverty. They have learned humility, and they cannot put on the confident and haughty bearing which belongs to the ignorant and the self-conceited. Humility, therefore, instead of being the mark of unworthiness, is exactly the reverse, and is the virtue of great minds—not that it is necessary to acquire great earthly knowledge to attain to that rare virtue, but he who comes to the knowledge of the truth has acquired the highest description of knowledge, and like Jesus, is 'meek and lowly in heart.'

Bigotry.

Original.

NOTHING is more opposed to the progress of truth than that kind of illiberality which rejects a doctrine or a precept without examination, not for its own sake, but on account of the source

from which it emanates. This vulgar prejudice hardened the hearts of the Jews against Jesus Christ, and they inquired, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' The chief priests and the scribes did not bestow attention upon his doctrines and try his words, but they cried out against him, because he did not come among them with such credentials as they had been accustomed to. The people inquired, 'Is not this the carpenter, the son of Joseph? Whence, then, hath this man this wisdom?' They could not brook that one of their own number should possess so much power, and should be able to preach the truth in such a manner as to reach the heart and convince the judgment. How often does the world condemn the teachings of the best and wisest men, because they do not blow a trumpet before them, and sit on the high seats of the synagogue! Mankind are fond of show and parade, and the simplicity of the truth shuts their hearts against it. The tall weeds spring up and choke the good seed while its shoots are small.

Stanzas for my friend M. D.

Original.

Joy! what is joy? The heart's best feast,—
The board with pleasure crowned;
The sweet affections gathering there,
And gaily crowding round.

Joy! whence is joy? In hope's bright home
Its luscious feast is spread;
And piety enrobed with light,
Hath there her bounties spread.

Fair friend! O could my spirit wish
A greater bliss as thine,
Than this? O may thy heart partake
Of this repast divine.

Then cultivate the smiles of hope,—
Th' acquaintance of the good,—
And joy shall meet thee in each scene,
And fill thy soul with food.

D. J. M.

Westbrook, Me.

Reciprocal Love.

Original.

THERE is hardly a more unamiable feature in the whole character of man, than the light esteem in which he too frequently holds the trusting affection of a devoted female. What can we expect from the generosity or truth of that man who can repay the confession of attachment from woman with neglect or indifference? Jesus said that 'if

your righteousness exceed not the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven,' and yet he confessed that the scribes and pharisees loved those who loved them. Indeed, that love should beget indifference in those who are beloved, appears to be so unnatural, that if every day's experience did not prove the existence of such an anomaly in nature, we could hardly believe in it. Before a virtuous female can be brought to profess her attachment to one of the opposite sex, she must have become deeply enamored; and she then flings herself, in a great measure, upon his generosity. If he then is satisfied with what he conceives to be his triumph, and deserts her, when he becomes certain that it is in his power to retain her, he is guilty of a species of meanness, so disgraceful, that he forfeits all claim to the respect of mankind. But let not the deserted female repine at his abandonment of her; for he proved himself so utterly unworthy of her tenderness, that she may congratulate herself on having escaped the contamination of his presence. Let her

'———nerve her heart with woman's pride,
And scorn his fickle love.'

Individual Effort.

Original.

THERE are many things we well know, which serve to discourage efforts in the cause of moral reform—the purification of society, but as we advance toward them, they appear less great, as the mountain seems less steep as we come near to it. We are apt to be discouraged by thinking of the little we are able to do; but we sometimes make unjust estimates of individual effort, and regard that which is at the beginning but insignificant, to be of little worth, while in fact it may lead to magnificent results. It was not the small tax on tea that raised the spirit of resistance in the breast of our fathers, but they knew what a small violation of the law of right would lead to, if not repulsed, and therefore they checked the evil at the beginning.

Individual violation of wholesome laws, affects the community; and individual obedience, is the great bond of union and safety; therefore, by individual effort the laws are upheld, and as far as individual effort is secured, the community is associated to secure the supremacy of the laws.

Then it becomes us not to consider merely our individual efforts, but what scale we throw our weight in, and what power the scale contains. Let us give all the aid we can to the cause we approve, and not be discouraged by the feebleness of our own part, but think of what associated effort can and will do. An individual might well be faint, if his single spade must do the work of removing a mountain of earth; but with a multitude to aid, he can sing merrily at his task, and soon the work is accomplished.

Then let us have faith in the success of benevolent enterprizes, and feel our duty to add to the treasury of effort—let us feel that it is a positive good, with no admixture of evil, to remove the sources of woe—to mitigate the unhappy lot of suffering mothers and children; and while we can do this without injustice to the common weal—without violating the laws of humanity, and the dictates of justice, it is our duty so to do—to show that we are not against the cause of morality, soberness, and truth, by lending all the aid we can to promote success.

We all have known uncontested facts that illustrate the direful effects of erroneous faith—of false religions; we are all acquainted with the blighting power of superstition, and the madness of fanaticism—how they poison the affections, and harden the best feelings of the human heart; if faith in bad doctrines be so powerful to subvert the good of man, what a mighty energy must a belief of the truth as it is in Jesus exert for the promotion of man's best and highest interests? No rational mind can admit the idea that false principles are alone powerful; the truth must be more powerful, as it is better suited to the nature God gave man, and to the purification of the heart. Hence we see the importance of the diffusion of the truth. According to the strength of the belief in false doctrines, will the believer be wretched; and so to reverse the case, according to the strength of the belief of the truth, the believer will be made happy—firm faith will cause the mountain of fear to be removed, and perfect love will fill the heart and soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. B*.

THE truth which injures is better than the lie which pleases.

He whose passion conquereth his understanding, surely perisheth.

Virtue reigns where there is religion and discipline.

Notices.

'PROCEEDINGS AND CONSTITUTION of the Universalist Sabbath School Association; with the report of the Committee on the best method of conducting Sabbath Schools; and the Sermon delivered before the Association. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 32 Cornhill, 1837.' This is a very neat pamphlet of 24 pages, and must be valuable and interesting to all the friends of Sabbath Schools. It gives a sketch of the proceedings at the formation of the Association, together with the Constitution, and the list of officers for the present year.—*The Report on the best method of conducting Sabbath Schools* is deserving of careful attention, and should be in the hands of all the conductors and teachers of such schools. It furnishes many valuable hints, but it cannot be expected that all the suggestions will apply with equal propriety to all schools, for so diverse are the circumstances under which Sabbath Schools are formed and continued, that there must be, necessarily, some diversity in the management of them. However, we opine that all superintendents and teachers will find somewhat in this Report worthy attentive consideration. We commend it to their favor. *The Sermon delivered before the Association* is from our worthy brother, Hosea Ballou 2d, on Eph. vi. 4. 'Bring them (children) up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and is a sound exposition of the duty of parents to attend to the religious education of their children.

The pamphlet is printed for general circulation, and is published exceedingly low;—\$4 per hundred, or 62 1-2 c. per dozen. Let the conductors of every school aid the circulation of this work.

UNITED STATES' CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS. This body of Universalists will hold their annual session at Philadelphia city, on Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st of September. And as it is a beautiful season to travel, and Philadelphia a beautiful city to visit, and beautiful for brethren to meet together to consult the welfare of Zion, we hope a large number will be assembled, and that the love of truth and peace will be in every heart. For the information of our friends we would state, that the Rail-road cars leave Boston for Providence at one o'clock, and the steam-boat starts immediately for New York on the arrival of the cars at Providence. Persons who may leave Boston Monday, at one o'clock, will probably arrive at Philadelphia on Tuesday afternoon, if they take the regular line to that city.

NEW WORK. We should have noticed before this a proposed new work from the pen of Br. George Rogers, Cincinnati. It is proposed to be published in 26 semi-monthly numbers, of 24 pages each, duodecimo size. Subscription price \$1 the volume, in advance. The work will be devoted to the proof and illustration of the doctrine of Universal Salvation; the refutation of popular objections; and 'the bearings of the Universalist faith on the morals and happiness of its subjects, will be illustrated in a story entitled the *Pennsylvania Valley*.' It will also contain 'fragments; incidents of travel; conversations; sketches of sermons, &c. &c.' We dare prophecy that it will be an instructive and entertaining work—an *unique* affair, and shall hail its appearance with pleasure. Subscriptions forwarded from this office.

THE GOSPEL BANNER. A notice of this excellent co-worker in the cause of truth and righteousness was crowded out last month, when a new volume had just commenced. We esteem the *Banner* as one of the most favorite periodicals that visit us, and as possessing sufficient merit to recommend itself to the friends of liberal feeling and christian doctrine. Among the generous and enlightened Universalists of Maine, surely the *Banner* cannot fail of receiving a noble support; its judicious management, and firm and manly tone, commend it to the countenance and patronage of

those who would have truth in its purity, and liberality without licentiousness, prevail.

THE GLAD TIDINGS, AND OHIO UNIVERSALIST. This is a spirited semi-monthly paper, published at Pittsburgh, Pa. and Columbus, Ohio, and edited by Bra. S. A. Davis, M. A. Chappell, and E. Hoag. It has recently commenced a new volume, and now appears in a quarto form, which is a good change. It is worthy the patronage of the friends of truth and liberality, and we wish its conductors abundant success. Subscription price \$1.50, in advance.

'JEWISH HISTORY.' A new edition of this popular Sabbath School Class Book, revised and corrected, is now published by Abel Tompkins. This work has been introduced into many schools, and received much favor, and can safely be recommended as a useful and interesting class book.—The CLASS BILLS recommended in the report of the Committee on the best method of conducting Sabbath Schools, have been published at this office, and are for sale at 50 cents per hundred.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We are sensible of the favor Br. W. E. M. intended us by furnishing the article sent, but we must decline the publishment of it, and of course wish not the others on the same subject. We do not think the subject chosen would be generally interesting to our readers.

'The Hervy Family,' will appear in our next. Also, 'A Letter from a Young Student to a Clergyman,' and the 'Answer;' 'Detraction;' 'Judgments;' 'A Tale of Truth,' and various other articles.

'Original Lines' are declined. The writer evidently spends but little time upon a composition, and 'haste makes waste' of words.

We should like to hear from the author of 'Principle or no Principle' again. Her article may be inserted at some future time. We say the same to — E. —.

'The Warning; or a tale of Truth,' must be laid aside for the present.

✍ We acknowledge the receipt of communications from D. A. (crowded out this month); B * *, L. River; J. B. M.; L. W.; and W. Boston.

✍ We should be happy to hear again from F. A. N.

✍ The piece of music requested by our friend H. R., entitled, 'The Last Beam is Shining,' will be published in our next. In the present number we give the old and favored tune of 'The Restoration,' which has been requested and was promised.

✍ Is it too much to request of the editors of the papers in our order to give a slight notice of the appearance and contents of our work each month? Such a favor would be gratefully considered.

✍ The leading article in this number, on the 'Religious Education of the Young,' should be marked as an original communication, and bear the editor's signature. Both of these marks were accidentally omitted.

Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Aug. 31.

M. H. B., Malden, \$2; E. T., Lynn, \$12; H. R., Potter, \$2; W. S., Albany, \$2; W. S. S., Frankfort, \$2; J. C. B., Middlebury, \$4; E. D., Saratoga Springs, \$2; S. W. P., East Windsor, \$4; S. A. S., Brunswick, \$10; R. P., East Clarendon, \$2; J. P., Hardwick, \$4; G. U. B. North Searsmont, \$2; D. J. M., Westbrook, \$2; D. J. D., Amoskeag, \$18; J. M. S., New Bedford, \$2; J. S., Exeter, \$5; M. K., Bridgewater, \$4; M. L., Chester, \$5; T. P., West Plymouth, \$2; T. H. W., Chester, \$5; B. S., East Chatham, \$2; A. D., Bennington, (will he inform us where S. D. W. resides?) \$4; G. B., Marlborough, \$4; O. S. T., Lebanon, N. Y., \$10; F. H., Barnstable, \$2; E. B. L., Boylston, \$3; A. J., Dana, \$2; A. K., Franklin, \$2; D. F., Norridgewock, \$10.

GREENWOOD. L. M.

ARRANGED FOR THE "UNIVERSALIST," BY S. B. EMMONS. WORDS BY REV. HOSEA BALLOU.



Will they who love the Lord repine
To see his mercy brighter shine?
To see the world by him restored
And every sinner love the Lord?

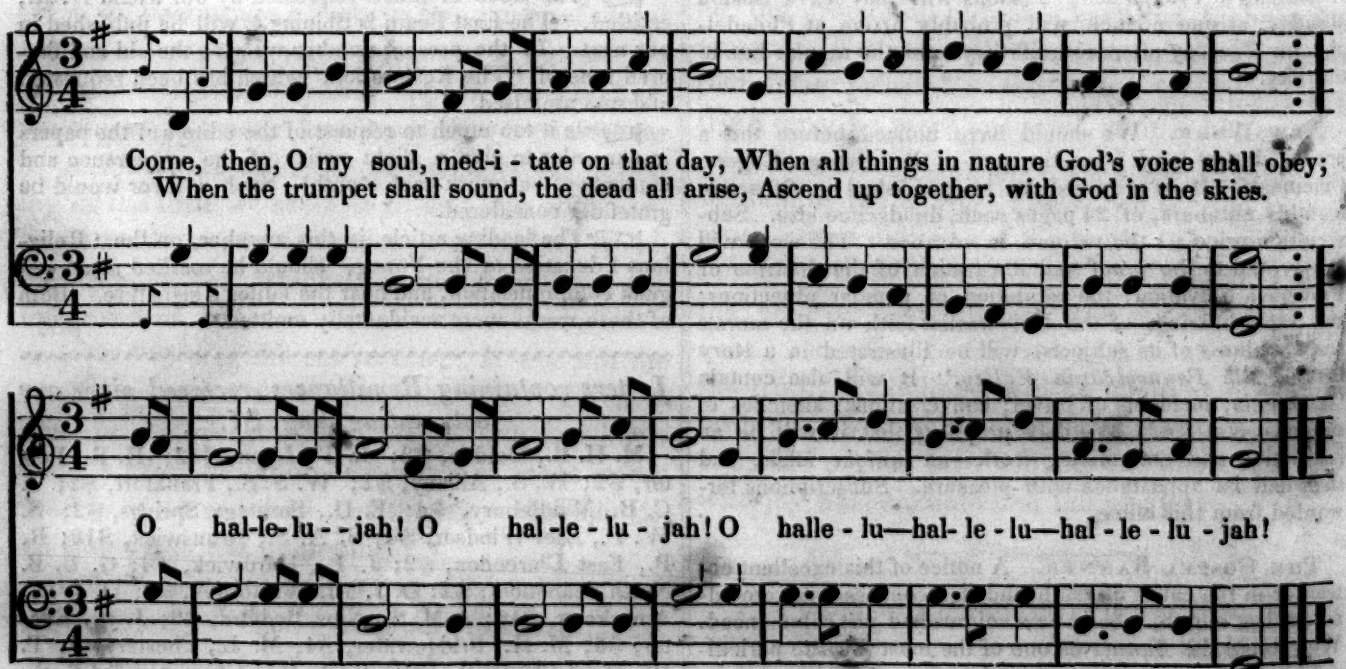
Will those who love the cross complain,
If Christ should every sinner gain?
Repentance work in every heart,
And his rich love to all impart?

Should Judas humbly bow and cry
To him who did for sinners die,
Would saints with holy sorrow grieve
To see the Lord a pardon give?

Professor, blush, and hide thy face!
Should'st thou repine at such rich grace!
Remember, thy poor soul hath been,
By Christ, redeemed from equal sin!

RESTITUTION HYMN.

ARRANGED FOR THE "UNIVERSALIST," BY S. B. EMMONS.



Come, then, O my soul, med-i - tate on that day, When all things in nature God's voice shall obey;
When the trumpet shall sound, the dead all arise, Ascend up together, with God in the skies.

O hal-le-lu - - jah! O hal-le - lu - jah! O halle - lu - hal - le - lu - hal - le - lu - jah!